A

CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. V.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian fields,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

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EPISTLES

SATIRICAL AND PRECEPTIVE.

I.

II

III

IV

V.

VI

VI

CONTENTS.

EPISTLES
SATIRICAL AND PRECEPTIVE.

		Page
I.	An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the death of Mr. Pope. Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. Warburton, late Bishop of Gloucester. By John Brown, D. D.	1
II.	The Vanity of Human Wishes. By Sam. Johnson, L. L. D.	22
III.	London. By the Same	36
IV.	Newmarket. By the Rev. T. Warton, F. S. A.	47
V.	Fashion. Dy Joseph Warton, D. D.	56
VI.	The Man of Taste, occasioned by an Epistle of Mr. Pope's on that subject. By the Rev. Mr. Bramston	64
VII.	The Wreath of Fashion, or, the Art of Sentimental Poetry. By Rich. Tickell, Esq.	76
VIII.	To Sir William Chambers, Knt. Comptroller-General of his Majesty's Works, and Author of a late Dissertation on Oriental Gardening	86
IX	To the Public. An Heroic Postscript, occasioned by their favoura ble reception of a late Heroic Epistle to Sir W. Chambers, Knt. &c. By the Author of that Epistle	92
X.	The Art of Politics, in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry. By the Rev. Mr. Bramston.	97
XI.	An Essay on Conversation. To William Wyndham, Esq. of Felbrig, Norfolk. By Benjamin Stillingfleet	118
	Notes on Epistles Satirical and Preceptive	143

F
A
R
T
Y
(U
Ex
A

EPISTLES
SATIRICAL AND PRECEPTIVE.

EPISTLE I.

AN

ESSAY ON SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO

THE REV. MR. WARBURTON,

[Late Bishop of Gloucester.]

BY JOHN BROWN, D. D.

O while along the stream of Time thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow sped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty dead!
Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOUR's and BRITAIN's heart:
You mourn: But BRITAIN, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious *Britain!*) slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night:

Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign:
With inextinguishable rage they burn,
And snake-hung Envy hisses o'er his urn:
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.

But You, O WARBURTON! whose eye refin'd
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a *pure* delight;
You visit oft his awful page with care,
And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there;
You trace the chain that links his deep design,
And pour new lustre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues;
Intent from this great archetype to draw
SATIRE's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's generous end.

In every breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame:
The passion ONE, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant, and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire;
The charms of praise the coy, the modest woo,
And only fly that glory may pursue:

She, power resistless, rules the wise and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet:
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the scepter and the spade.

Thus heav'n in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies:
With rapture hears corrupted passion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd substance quits the true:
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory plunges deep in vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious Nature plies her part;
And still her dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passion's rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before.

And sure the deadliest foe to virtue's flame,
Our worst of evils, is *perverted shame*.

Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by fashionable fear opprest,
We seek our virtues in each other's breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakness, interest, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state,
Tir'd in the treach'rous chace, would nobly yield,
And but for shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The daemon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "*the world will call you fool.*"

Behold, yon wretch, by impious fashion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at heav'n.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To man a *coward*, and a *brave* to God.

Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself now quit their hold,
When to False Fame the captiv'd heart is sold:
Hence blind to truth, relentless *Cato* dy'd:
Nought could subdue his virtue, but his pride.
Hence chaste *Lucretia's* innocence betray'd
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When passions born her friends, revolt, her foes.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'tis her corrective part
To calm the wild disorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise:
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise,
And bids the hag in native horror rise;
Strikes tow'ring pride and lawless rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Though oft she mourns those ills she cannot cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthless fear;
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and wild obey,
And every foe to wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain;
Desponding fops resign the *clouded cane*:
Hush'd at her voice, pert folly's self is still,
And dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true
From pois'nous vice she draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles;
And Force strong-sinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The stream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for policy, for pow'r too strong.

Ev'n fair Religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain.
But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast;
She *plays* a *ruling* passion on the rest:
Undaunted mounts the battery of his pride,
And awes the *Brave*, that earth and heav'n defy'd.
When fell corruption, by her vassals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground;
Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
Bold SATIRE shakes the tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain.

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is spleen; all just reproof, ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that like ITHURIEL's spear
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their natural shapes,
Turns duchesses to strumpets, beaux to apes;
Drags the vile whisperer from his dark abode,
Till all the daemon starts up from the toad.

O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!

In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of virtue wakes her scorn of vice:
Where justice calls, 'tis cruelty to save;
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of man, the wise must own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chastise, as that to bless, was giv'n;
Alike the faithful ministers of heav'n.

Oft on unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent:
Though strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are pain'd, who merit SATIRE most;
Folly the *Laureate*'s, Vice was *Chartres*' boast;
Then where 's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to shame?
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful surgeon's part;
Generous and kind, though painful is her art:
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal,
Though folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial SATIRE knows,
Kind, ev'n in vengeance kind, to Virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs;
The knave and fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: but conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold, be ever just:
Nor court applause in these degenerate days:
The villain's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And show mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write,
As foplings grin to show their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart.
O lost to honor's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame!
Fell ravisher, from innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn!
And know, immortal truth shall mock thy toil:
Immortal truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poison in thy heart.

With caution, next, the dang'rous power apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:

Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strikes a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confest,
Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest;
Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd victim shall be led:
Lo, *Shaftsb'ry* rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the slave with honors not her own:
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Profaneness spawns, pert dunces nurse the joke!
Come, let us join awhile this tittering crew,
And own the *idiot guide* for once is *true*;
Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule,
Who *therefore* smil'd, *because* they saw a fool:
Sublimer logic now adorns our isle,
We *therefore* see a fool, *because* we smile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce free-thinker and the beau;
Daedalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work *Herculean* wonders through the land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
YOU, mighty WARBURTON, shall rage in vain,
In vain the trackless maze of Truth YOU scan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man:
No more shall Reason boast her power divine,
Her base eternal shook by Folly's mine!

Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And coxcombs vanquish BERKLEY by a grin.

But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by ridicule:
On truth, on falsehood let her colors fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye.
Beware the mad advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with every wind;
Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's destruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside,
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then mirth may urge, when reason can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to shore.

Though distant times may rise in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the *present age*:
With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning manners by the past:
Bid *Britain's* Heroes (awful shades!) arise,
And ancient honor beam on modern vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the sons blush at what their fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
When *low-born* sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye:

Ere lewdness the stain'd garb of honor wore,
Or chastity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of freedom drest;
Or public spirit was the public jest.

Be ever in a just expression bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen;
Nor while she preaches modesty obscene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call his Lordship * , her Grace a * :
The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
When rapt in *irony*'s transparent veil:
Her beauties half conceal'd the more surprize,
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd:
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Bufa* chaste.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er discharg'd artillery on a fly?
Deride not Vice: absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults: to smile is to approve.
The Muse's labor then success shall crown,
When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what measures to each theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies.
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious peer
That mounts the box, and shines a charioteer:
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil
Of camps and senates disciplin'd by *Hoyle*.
Patriots and chiefs whose deep design invades,
And carries off the captive king of—*spades!*
Let SATIRE here in milder vigor shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line;
Bid courtly Fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muse's aid;
When *crimes*, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day;
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head:
When private faith and public trust are sold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like Fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking state:
When giant-vice and irreligion rise,

On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies:
Then warmer numbers glow through SATIRE's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC soars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.

Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a look serene:
She wounds reluctant, pours her balm with joy,
Glad to commend where merit strikes her eye.
But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithful precipices round:
Truth be your guide; disdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must *shine*:
The Poet can but *set it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *sordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold?*
Let *real* merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise:
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art
But makes us grieve, you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's law confin'd:
She yields description of the noblest kind.

Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple evening in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates passion, pictures man.
And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid vice or virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolsey* or a *Cromwell* rise;
Now with a touch more sacred and refin'd,
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD'S or LONSDALE'S mind.
Here sweet or strong may every colour flow:
Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life.

PART III.

THROUGH ages thus hath SATIRE keenly shin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had sprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet sung.
This Muse in silence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
First on the sons of *Greece* she prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce Iambic dart.

To LATIUM next avenging SATIRE flew;
The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS drew;
With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
And conscious villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then sportive HORACE caught the generous fire,
For SATIRE'S bow resign'd the sounding lyre:
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
Politely sly, cajol'd the foes of sense:
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But while he sported, drove it to the heart.

In graver strains majestic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly sedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage
Inflame bold JUVENAL'S exalted page.
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*,
And swept audacious greatness to its doom;
The headlong torrent thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

But lo! the fatal victor of mankind,
Swoln *Luxury!*—Pale *Ruin* stalks behind!

As countless insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:
So barbarous millions spread contagious death:
The sick'ning laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But dulness nodded in the Muse's grove:
Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.

At length, again fair Science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!

'Tis done—See great ERASMUS breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell!
(In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reason urg'd by wit.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honest vengeance rose,
His wit refulgent, though his rhyme was prose:
He midst an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and *Roman* strength of thought.

Yet scarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muse records her country's shame)
Ere *Britain* saw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.
Then rose a shameless, mercenary train,
Whom latest time shall view with just disdain:
A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine;
Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the sight.
Dry morals the court-poet blush'd to sing:
'Twas all his praise to say "*the oddest thing*."
Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies,
Low creeping in the putrid sink of vice:
A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of pow'r, the prostitute to gain:
Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To strumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd parts, the scorn of honest fame;
And genius rise, a monument of shame!

More happy *France*: immortal BOILEAU there
Supported genius with a sage's care:

Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest:
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast;
Fancy and sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless judgment guides the purest fire.

But see, at length, the *British* Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favor'd isle;
Behold for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centers every poet's power in *one*:
Each Roman's force adorns his various page;
Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight,
As spectres vanish at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity;
While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joy surveys her form divine.
But oh! what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the Poet's mind!
Who yonder star's effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.

Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove:
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her bard majestic Wisdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe;
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
At fancy's call, who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views *thy* daring spirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
And bless mankind with Virtue's sacred store;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
And like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly dispels each wint'ry passion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praise, immortal POPE, to thee be given:
Thy genius was indeed a *gift* from heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequall'd, in whose deathless line

Reason and wit with strength collected shine:
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wand'ring Muse?
That friendship sure may plead the *great* excuse,
That sacred friendship which inspir'd thy song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this ev'n truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.

Ye deathless Names, ye sons of endless praise,
By virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O WARBURTON, inspir'd by YOU,
The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
By You inspir'd, on trembling pinion soar,
The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
If her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid *her country's glory* fire her page:
If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end;
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;

Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed Bards may see,
That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

EPISTLE II.

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. D. D.

LET observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;

With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows;
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord,
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy Traitor in the Tow'r;
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy,
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,

Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With chearful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who could'st laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause:
How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth, and nature to decry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty shew,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, and whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on humankind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass every prayer.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smoak'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foe's doom, or guard her fav'rite's zeal;
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles, and controling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;

With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
'Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?

Why but to sink beneath Misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day:
Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Disease thy torpid reins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;

Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes;
See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock;
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep;
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;

This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific scepters yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd, he cries, 'till nought remain,
"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realm of Frost;
He comes, not want and cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,

And shews his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia' tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled on his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Caesarian pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
And all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honor's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruits autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:

No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness Orpheus near,
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime:
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience chears;

The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend;
Such age there is; and who could wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings:
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage;
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise:
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom Joys with soft varieties invite
By day the frolick, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latent fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the past defend,
The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd:
By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride,
Now beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distrest,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries attempt the mercies of the skies?
Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear; nor deem religion vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

EPISTLE III.

LONDON.

By the Same.

-- ----- Quis ineptae
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se? Juv.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend;
Who now resolves, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

For who would leave, unbrib'd Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay;
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;

Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's bank in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood.
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,
We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view:
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain.
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honor grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less;

While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay;
Where once the harrass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some secret cell, ye powers, indulgent give.
Let * live here, for * has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
'Tis such, a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:

But what, my Friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though BRITAIN's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd.
And strive in vain to laugh at H * * Y's jest.

Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares:
But thou, should tempting villany present,
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see;
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me.

LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome,
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

Illustrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,
But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import:
Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap;
All sciences a fasting-Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far
I drew the breath of life in English air;

Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tales of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receive the chain,
And flattery subdue when arms are vain?

Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his int'rest true, where-e'er he goes,
Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In every face a thousand graces shine,
From every tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye,
And gain a kick for aukward flattery.

Besides, with justice this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage:
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With every wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in Dog-days, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?

Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lye without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, every vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insiduous art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labors for a joke;
With brisker air, the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harrass the distress'd;
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has Heaven reserv'd in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore?

No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desart yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.

This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
SLOW RISSES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandize, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favors of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets and thunder to the skies:
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home;
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumor flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies;

The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before.
Now bless'd with all the baubbles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord.
There every bush with nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thy evening walk and morning toil.

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach.

In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.

A single jail, in ALFRED'S golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but drop'd the sword;

No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how different from our own!

Much could I add, but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

EPISTLE IV.

NEWMARKET.

BY

THE REV. T. WARTON, F. S. A.

His Country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has lost the parent's, or the guardian's care;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
Of each rash frolick what the source and end,
His sole and first ambition what?—to spend.

Some Squires to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups:
Another doats on fidlers, till he sees
His hills no longer crown'd with towering trees;
Convinc'd too late that modern strains can move,
Like those of ancient Greece, th' obedient grove.
In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.—

But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving Squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent sires;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good knight at last retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park,
That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age;
In simple state where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years;
Where all the charms of Chance with Order meet,
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which Druids might adore;
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
Glowing in gay diversities of green;
There the full stream through intermingling glades,
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades:
Nor wants there hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.

And see the good old seat, whose Gothic towers
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers;

Whose rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to Age and Want their daily bread:
Where crested knights, with peerless damsels join'd,
At high and solemn festivals have din'd;
Presenting oft fair virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries, and moral masque.
But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
At once a bankrupt, and a prosperous heir,
Hilario bets—park, house, dissolve in air.
With antique armor hung, his trophied rooms
Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
He sees his steel-clad sires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
All the fair series of the wisker'd race,
Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace,
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill got gold,
To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
The parish wonders at th' unopening door,
The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
And all the social scene in silence lies.
Himself, the loss politely to repair,
Turns atheist, fidler, highwayman, or player.
At length, the scorn, the shame of Man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival Youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dream of thousands on the listed plain!

No more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
When, madly mounted on the magic horse,
He pierc'd heaven's opening sphere with dazzled eyes,
And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed
Of young adventurers on the Muse's steed;
For Poets have, like you their destin'd round,
And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, the child of patrimonial ease,
Hippolitus had carv'd sirloins in peace:
Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toil or wife,
The mild October of a private life:
Long-liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground:
And, deaf to honor's or ambition's call,
With rural spoils adorn'd his hoary hall.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
Lo there thy triumphs, Taaffe! thy palms, Portmore!
Tempt him to stake his lands and treasur'd store.
Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
Amid the lists our hero takes his stand;
Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes that "witness huge dismay:"
When lo! the chance of one inglorious heat
Strips him of genial cheer, and snug retreat.
How aukward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert.—

The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
At once with dulness, and with hunger curst.
And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires?
And dwells such mighty rage in graver Squires?

In all attempts, but for their Country, bold,
Britain, thy Conscript Counsellors behold;
(For some, perhaps, by fortune favor'd yet,
May gain a borough from a lucky bet)
Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,
Meer modern Phaetons, usurp the rein,
And scour in rival race the tempting plain.
See, side by side, his Jockey and Sir John
Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
For O! the boasted privilege how dear,
How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear!——
See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
Thy Members pour amid the mingling race!
All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce—
Is Bedlam, or the Commons all broke loose?
Their way nor reason guides nor caution checks,
Proud on a high-bred thing to risque their necks.—
Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring crowd
Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:
With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
Of distanc'd horses gravely fix the fate,

And with paternal care unwearied watch
O'er the nice conduct of a daring match.

Mean time no more the mimic patriots rise,
To guard Britannia's honor, warm and wise:
No more in senates dare assert her laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in Freedom's cause:
Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
And know no rostrum but Newmarket's stand.

Is this the band of Civil Chiefs design'd
On England's weal to fix the pondering mind?
Who, while their Country's rights are set to sale,
Quit Europe's balance for the Jockey's scale.
O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
Or when a nation, or a match is lost?
Who dams and sires with more exactness trace,
Than of their Country's Kings the sacred race:
Think London journies are the worst of ills;
Subscribe to articles, instead of bills:
Strangers to all our annalists relate,
Theirs are the memoirs of th' equestrian state:
Who, lost to Albion's past and present views,
Heber, thy chronicles alone peruse.

Go on, brave youths, till, in some future age,
Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
Till England see her thronging senators
Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs;

See the whole House, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad;
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide, with equal reins, a steed or state.

How would a virtuous Houyhnhnm neigh disdain,
To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein;
Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoke thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road,
And, robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
Sustain each sordid toil of servile life!
Yet O! what rage would touch his generous mind,
To see his sons of more than human kind;
A kind, with each exalted virtue blest,
Each gentler feeling of the liberal breast,
Afford diversion to that monster base,
That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race,
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conspire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo-squire.

How are the Therons of these modern days
Chang'd from those chiefs who toil'd for Grecian bays,
Who, fir'd with genuine glory's sacred lust,
Whirl'd the swift axle through the Pythian dust!
Theirs was the Pisan olive's blooming spray,
Theirs was the Theban Bard's recording lay.
What though the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds?
They won no bets—but then they soar'd to Gods;

And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all th' united plates of George bestow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy scenes sublime and awful visions rise,
In ancient pride before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While just Lycurgus pours the mild harrangue;
There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her fated Hero's flashing spear.
Here, hung with many a lyre of silver string,
The laureate alleys of Ilissus spring:
And lo! where, rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.

Yet ah! no more the Land of arts and arms
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
Lo! the stern Turk with more than Vandal rage,
Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age:
No more her groves by Fancy's feet are trod,
Each Attic Grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fallen is fair Greece! by Luxury's pleasing bane
Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou hast rivall'd Graecia's praise,
Great Nurse of works divine! yet oh! beware
Lest thou the fate of Greece, my Country, share.

Recall thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
Hast bad thine Edwards and thine Henries rear,
With Spartan fortitude the British spear;
Alike hast seen thy Sons deserve the meed
Or of the moral or the martial deed.

EPISTLE V.

FASHION.

BY

JOSEPH WHARTON, D. D.

Honestius putamus, quod frequentius; recti apud nos locum tenet error, ubi publicus factus. Seneca.

YES, yes, my Friend, disguise it as you will,
To right or wrong 'tis Fashion guides us still;
A few perhaps rise singularly good,
Defy and stem the fool-o'erwhelming flood;
The rest to wander from their brethren fear,
As social herrings in large shoals appear.

'Twas not a taste, but pow'rful mode, that bade
Yon purblind, poking peer run picture mad;
With the same wonder-gaping face he stares
On flat DUTCH dawbing, as on GUIDO's airs;
What might his oak-crown'd manors mortgag'd gain?
Alas! five faded landscapes of LORAINE.

Not so GARGILIUS——sleek, voluptuous lord,
A hundred dainties smoke upon his board;
Earth, air and ocean ransack'd for the feast,
In masquerade of foreign OLIOS dress'd;
Who praises, in the sauce-enamour'd age,
Calm, healthful temp'rance, like an INDIAN sage:
But could he walk in public, were it said,
"GARGILIUS din'd on beef, and eat brown bread?"
Happy the grotto'd hermit with his pulse,
Who wants no truffles, rich ragouts——nor HULSE.

How strict on Sundays gay LAETITIA's face!
How curl'd her air, how clean her Brussels lace!
She lifts her eyes, her sparkling eyes to Heav'n,
Most nun-like mourns, and hopes to be forgiv'n.
Think not she prays, or is grown penitent——
She went to church——because the parish went.

Close CHREMES, deaf to the pale widow's grief,
Parts with an unsunn'd guinea for relief;
No meltings o'er his ruthless bosom steal,
More than fierce Arabs, or proud tyrants feel;
Yet, since his neighbours give, the churl unlocks,
Damning the poor, his triple-bolted box.

Why loves not HIPPIA rank obscenity?
Why would she not with twenty porters lie?
Why not in crowded Malls quite naked walk;
Not aw'd by virtue——but "The world would
talk."——

Yet how demurely looks the wishing maid,
For ever, but in bed, of man afraid!
Thus HAMMON's spring by day feels icy-cool,
At night is hot as hell's sulphureous pool.

Each panting warble of VESCONTI's throat,
To DICK, is heav'nlier than a seraph's note;
The trills, he swears, soft-stealing to his breast,
Are lullabies, to sooth his cares to rest;
Are sweeter far than LAURA's luscious kiss,
Charm the whole man, and lap his soul in bliss:
Who can such counterfeited raptures bear,
Of a deaf fool who scarce can thunders hear?
CROWDERO might with him for FESTIN pass,
And touching HANDEL yield to trifling HASSE.

But curd-fac'd CURIO comes! all prate and smile,
Supreme of beaux, great bulwark of our isle!
Mark well his feather'd hat, his gilt cockade,
Rich rings, white hand, and coat of stiff brocade;
Such weak-wing'd May-flies BRITAIN's troops disgrace,
That FLANDRIA, wond'ring, mourns our alter'd race:
With him the fair, enraptur'd with a rattle,
Of VAUXHALL, GARRICK, or PAMELA prattle:
This self-pleas'd king of emptiness permit
At the dear toilette harmlessly to sit;
As mirthless infants, idling out the day,
With wooden swords, or toothless puppies play:

'Tis meaner (cries the manling) to command
A conquering host, or save a sinking land,
Than furl fair FLAVIA's fan, or lead a dance,
Or broach new-minted FASHIONS fresh from FRANCE.

O FRANCE, whose edicts govern dress and meat,
Thy victor BRITAIN bends beneath thy feet!
Strange! that pert grashoppers should lions lead,
And teach to hop, and chirp across the mead:
Of fleets and laurell'd chiefs let others boast,
Thy honors are to bow, dance, boil, and roast,
Let ITALY give mimic canvass fire,
Carve rock to life, or tune the lulling lyre;
For gold let rich POTOSI be renown'd,
Be balmy-breathing gums in INDIA found:
'Tis thine for sleeves to teach the shantiest cuts,
Give empty coxcombs more important struts,
Prescribe new rules for knots, hoops, manteaus, wigs,
Shoes, soups, complexions, coaches, farces, jigs.

MUSCALIA dreams of last night's ball till ten,
Drinks chocolate, stroaks FOPS, and sleeps agen;
Perhaps at twelve dares ope her drowsy eyes,
Asks LUCY if 'tis late enough to rise;
By three each curl and feature justly set,
She dines, talks scandal, visits, plays piquette:
Meanwhile her babes with some foul nurse remain,
For modern dames a mother's cares disdain;
Each fortnight once she bears to see the brats,
" For Oh they stun one's ears, like squalling cats!"

Tigers and pards protect, and nurse their young,
The parent-snake will roll her forked tongue,
The vulture hovers vengeful o'er her nest,
If the rude hand her helpless brood infest;
Shall lovely woman, softest frame of heav'n,
To whom were tears, and feeling pity giv'n,
Most fashionably cruel, less regard
Her offspring, than the vulture, snake, and pard?

What art, O FASHION, pow'r supreme below!
You make us virtue, nature, sense, forego;
You sanctify knave, atheist, whore, and fool,
And shield from justice, shame, and ridicule.
Our grandames' modes, long absent from our eyes,
At your all-powerful bidding duteous rise:
As ARETHUSA sunk beneath the plain
For many a league, emerging flows again;
Now *Mary's mobs*, and flounces you apppove,
Now shape-disguising sacks, and slippers love:
Scarce have you chose (like Fortune fond to joke)
Some reigning dress, but you the choice revoke:
So when the deep-tongu'd organ's notes swell high,
And loud HOSANNAHS reach the distant sky,
Hark, how at once the dying strains decay,
And soften unexpectedly away.
The peer, prince, peasant, soldier, squire, divine,
Goddess of Change, bend low before your shrine,
Swearing to follow, wheresoe'er you lead,
Though you eat toads, or walk upon your head.

'Tis hence Belles game, intrigue, sip citron-drams,
And hide their lovely locks with heads of rams;
Hence girls, once modest, without blush appear,
With legs display'd, and swan-soft bosoms bare;
Hence stale, autumnal dames, still deck'd with laces,
Look like vile canker'd coins in velvet cases.
Ask you, why whores live more belov'd than wives,
Why weeping virtue exil'd, flattery thrives,
Why mad for pensions, BRITONS young and old
Adore base ministers, those calves of gold,
Why witling templars on religion joke,
Fat, rosy justices, drink, doze, and smoke,
Dull critics on best bards pour harmless spite,
As babes that mumble coral, cannot bite,
Why knaves malicious, brother-knaves embrace,
With hearts of gall, but courtly smiling face,
Why scornful FOLLY from her gaudy coach,
At starving houseless VIRTUE points reproach,
Why AV'RICE is the great all-worshipp'd God?
Methinks some DAEMON answers—" 'Tis the mode!"

At this CORRUPTION smiles with ghastly grin,
Presaging triumphs to her mother, SIN;
Who, as with baneful wings aloft she flies,
" This falling land be mine!"—exulting cries;
Grim TYRANNY attends her on her way,
And frowns, and whets his sword that thirsts to slay.

Look from the frigid to the torrid zone,
By custom all are led, by nature none.

The hungry TARTAR rides upon his meat,
To cook the dainty flesh with buttock's heat:
The CHINESE complaisantly takes his bed
With his big wife, and is with caudle fed,
How would our tender British beauties shriek,
To see slim beaux on bulls their lances break!
Yet no LUCINDA, in heroic SPAIN,
Admits a youth, but who his beast has slain.
See, wond'rous lands, where the fell victor brings
To his glad wives, the heads of slaughter'd kings,
The mangled heads!—o'er which they sing and laugh,
And in dire banquets the warm life-blood quaff;
Where youths their grandsire's, age-bent, trembling, grey,
Pitying their weary weakness, kindly slay:
Where sainted BRACHMANS, sick of life, retire,
To die spontaneous on the spicy pyre;
Where (stranger still!) with their wild dates content,
The simple swains no sighs for gold torment.

How fondly partial are our judgments grown,
We deem all manners odious but our own!

O, teach me, Friend, to know wise NATURE's rules,
And laugh, like you, at FASHION's hoodwink'd fools;
You, who to woods remov'd from modish sin,
Despise the distant world's hoarse, busy din:

As shepherds from high rocks hear far below,
Hear unconcern'd loud torrents fiercely flow;
You, though mad millions the mean taste upbraid,
Who still love VIRTUE, fair, forsaken maid;
As BACCHUS charming ARIADNE bore,
By all abandon'd, from the lonesome shore.

EPISTLE VI.

THE
MAN OF TASTE.

Occasioned by an

EPISTLE OF MR. POPE's

ON THAT SUBJECT.

BY THE REV. MR. BRAMSTON.

WHOE'ER he be that to a Taste aspires,
Let him read this, and be what he desires.
In men and manners vers'd, from life I write,
Not what was once, but what is now polite.
Those who of courtly France have made the tour,
Can scarce our English aukwardness endure.
But honest men who never were abroad,
Like England only, and its Taste applaud.
Strife still subsists, which yields the better goût;
Books or the world, the many or the few.

True Taste to me is by this touchstone known,
That's always best that's nearest to my own.
To shew that my pretensions are not vain,
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.

Pears and pistachio-nuts my mother sold,
He a dramatic poet, she a scold.
His tragic Muse could countesses affright,
His wit in boxes was my lord's delight.
No mercenary priest e'er join'd their hands,
Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetic bands.
Laws my Pindaric parents matter'd not,
So I was tragi-comically got.
My infant tears a sort of measure kept,
I squall'd in distichs, and in triplets wept.
No youth did I in education waste,
Happy in an hereditary Taste.
Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,
Nor barbarous birch e'er brush'd my tender bum.
My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college cook,
My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.
Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach,
Good parts are better than eight parts of speech:
Since these declin'd, those undeclin'd they call,
I thank my stars, that I declin'd them all.
To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,
I trust to mother wit and father sense.
Nature's my guide, all sciences I scorn,
Pains I abhor, I was a poet born.

Yet is my goût for criticism such,
I've got some French, and know a little Dutch.
Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,
Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.

Critics indeed are valuable men,
But hyper-critics are as good agen.
Though Blackmore's works my soul with raptures fill,
With notes by Bentley they'd be better still.
The Boghouse-Miscellany's well design'd,
To ease the body, and improve the mind.
Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me that pleases all.
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as nature, when he ceas'd to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me.
Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride, and people's choice.
Always upheld by national support,
Of market, university, and court:
Thomson, write blank; but know that for that reason,
These lines shall live when thine are out of season.
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

Had Cibber's self the Careless Husband wrote,
He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote:
But for his epilogues and other plays,
He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.
It pleases me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,
While Cibber wears the bays for play-house prose:
So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sate,
While Bradshaw bully'd in a broad-brim'd hat.

Long live old Curll! he ne'er to publish fears,
The speeches, verses, and last wills of peers.
How oft has he a public spirit shewn,
And pleas'd our ears, regardless of his own?
But to give merit due, though Curll's the fame?
Are not his brother book-sellers the same?
Can statutes keep the British press in awe,
While that sells best, that's most against the law?

Lives of dead play'rs my leisure hours beguile,
And Sessions-paper tragedize my stile.
'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,
So oft a mother, and not once a wife:
She could with just propriety behave,
Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave:
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,
By prebends bury'd, and by generals kept.

T' improve in morals Mandevil I read,
And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.
I travell'd early, and I soon saw through
Religion all, ere I was twenty-two.
Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,
When ropes or opium can my ease procure?
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
Self-murder is an honorable way.
As Pasaran directs I'd end my life,
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.
Burn but that Bible which the parson quotes,
And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,
I have a taste for buildings, music, men.
Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,
With superficial smattering at most.
Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,
Knows more than Budgel writes, or Roberts prints.
I know the town, all houses I have seen,
From High-Park corner down to Bednal-Green.
Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones,
To murder mortar, and disfigure stones!
Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern!
I reckon Covent-Garden church a barn.
Nor hate I less thy vile cathedral, Paul!
The choir's too big, the cupola's too small:
Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
They're Vanbrughs's structures that my fancy strike:
Such noble ruins every pile would make,
I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.
To lofty Chelsea, or to Greenwich dome,
Soldiers and sailors all are welcom'd home.
Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,
St. James's hospital may serve for kings.
Buildings so happily I understand,
That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.
Doric, Ionic, shall not there be found,
But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound.
From out my honest workmen, I'll select
A Bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect:
First bid him build me a stupendous dome,
Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome;

Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,
Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.
I'll have my Villa too, a sweet abode;
Its situation shall be London road:
Pots o'er the door I'll place like Cits balconies,
Which Bentley calls the Gardens of Adonis.

I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,
For what is beautiful that is not new?
Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye
With all the angles of a Christmas-pye.
Does it not merit the beholder's praise,
What's high to sink? and what is low to raise?
Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house stood,
And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.
Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,
Expence and alteration shews a Taste.

In curious paintings I am exceeding nice,
And know their sev'ral beauties by their price.
Auctions and sales I constantly attend,
But choose my pictures by a skilful friend.
Originals and copies much the same,
The picture's value is the painter's name.

My taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,
I buy no statues that are not obscene.
In spite of Addison and ancient Rome,
Sir Cloudesly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.

How oft have I with admiration stood,
To view some city magistrate in wood!
I gaze with pleasure on a lord-mayors head,
Cast with propriety in gilded lead.
Oh could I view through London as I pass,
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian brass:
High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place
His magisterial paunch and griping face;
Letter'd and gilt let him adorn Cheapside,
And grant the tradesman, what a king's deny'd.

Old coins and medals I collect 'tis true,
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.
But among friends if I the truth might speak,
I like the modern, and despise th' antique.
Though in the drawers of my japan burea,
To lady Gripeall I the Caesars shew,
'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,
A copper Otho or a Scotch baubee.

Without Italian, or without an ear,
To Bononcini's music I adhere;
Music has charms to sooth a savage breast
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.
My soul has oft a secret pleasure found,
In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound,
Bagpipes for men, shrill German-flutes for boys,
I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.
The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,
And scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.

Let Senesino sing, what David writ,
And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.
Eager in throngs the town to Esther came,
And Oratorio was a lucky name.
Thou, Heidegger! the English Taste has found,
And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.
In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,
Call 'em Ridottos, and they still go down.
Go on, prince Phiz! to please the British Nation,
Call thy next Masquerade a Convocation.

Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed
And Philosophical Transactions read.
Next lodge I'll be Free-mason, nothing less,
Unless I happen to be F. R. S.

I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,
Fit company for porters or for peers.
Of every useful knowledge I've a share,
But my top talent is a bill of fare.
Sirloins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
Pleas'd with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb-pies,
Dishes I choose though little, yet genteel,
Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal.
Pig's head with hair on, much my fancy please,
I love young colly-flow'rs if stew'd in cheese,
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.
No tattling servants to my table come,
My grace is silence, and my waiter dumb.

Queer country-puts extol queen Bess's reign,
And of lost hospitality complain.
Say thou that dost thy father's table praise,
Was there mahogany in former days?

Oh! could a British barony be sold!
I would bright honor buy with dazzling gold.
Could I the privilege of peer procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.
To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,
On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.
I'd make the insolent mechanics stay,
And keep my ready money all for play.
I'd try if any pleasure could be found,
In tossing up for twenty-thousand pound.
Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,
And set land, woods, and rivers, at a throw.
But should I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throe be gloriously undone;
My debts of honor I'd discharge the first,
Let all my lawful creditors be curs'd:
My title would preserve me from arrest,
And seizing hired horses is a jest.

I'd walk the morning with an oaken stick,
With gloves and hat, like my own footman, Dick.
A footman I would be, in outward show,
In sense and education, truly so.
As for my head, it should ambiguous wear

At once a perriwig and its own hair.
My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
And dress, and talk of dressing, more than they.
I'll please the Maids of Honor, if I can;
Without black velvet breeches, what is man?
I will my skill in button holes display,
And brag how oft I shift me every day.
Shall I wear cloaths in aukward England made?
And sweat in cloth to help the woollen trade?
In French embroid'ry and in Flanders lace
I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.
Deard's bill or baubles shall to thousands mount,
And I'd out di'mond even the di'mond count.
I would convince the world by tawdry cloaths
That belles are less effeminate than beaux,
And doctor Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.

To boon companions I my time would give,
With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live.
I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
And to rough-riders give my choicest wine;
I would caress some stableman of note,
And imitate his language and his coat.
My ev'nings all I would with sharpers spend,
And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend.
In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,
And sup with Colley Cibber every night.
Should I perchance be fashionably ill,
I'd send for Misaubin, and take his pill.

I should abhor, though in the utmost need,
Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead;
But if I found that I grew worse and worse,
I'd turn off Missaubin and take a nurse.
How oft when eminent physicians fail,
Do good old women's remedies prevail!
When beauty's gone, and Chloe's struck with years,
Eyes she can couch, or she can syringe ears.
Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,
And choose a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd;
Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.
Back to your universities, ye fools,
And dangle arguments on strings in schools:
Those schools which Universities they call,
'Twere well for England where there none at all.
With ease that loss the nation might sustain,
Supply'd by Goodman's-fields and Drury-lane.
Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,
Compar'd to Haymarket and Covent-garden;
Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these,
Turn players all, and take your 'squires degrees.
Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,
Ye book-learn'd seats! the theatres have more:
Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb;
A single eunuch gets a larger sum.
Have some of you three hundred by the year;
Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand clear.

Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join
A year's rack-rent, and arbitrary fine:
Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd
For play-house, opera, ball, and masquerade.
Glad I congratulate the judging age;
The players are the world, the world the stage.

I am a politician too, and hate
Of any party, ministers of state:
I'm for an Act, that he, who sev'n whole years
Has serv'd his king and country, lose his ears.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified, you find,
To give the laws of Taste to human kind.
Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,
For books, and buildings, politics, and dress,
This is true Taste, and whoso likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.

EPISTLE VII.

THE
WREATH OF FASHION.

OR, THE
ART OF SENTIMENTAL POETRY.

BY RICHARD TICKELL ESQ.

.. ----------Demetri, teque Tigelli,
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras. Hor.

When first the Muse recorded Beauty's praise
In glowing numbers, and enraptur'd lays,
Sweet was the Poet's song; undeck'd by art;
For Love was Nature, and his theme the Heart.
At Beauty's shrine how brightly Genius glow'd!
There, her wild wreaths luxuriant fancy strew'd;
Whose flowerets, wak'd by Love's enliv'ning ray,
Scatter'd with native sweets the artless lay.
Such were the strains th' enamour'd *Ovid* sung;
Such the fond lays that flow'd from *Prior*'s tongue:
Nor of its best reward was verse beguil'd,
When *Julia* own'd its pow'r, and *Chloe* smil'd.

Far other lays denote the modern Bard—
Nor love his theme—nor Beauty his reward:
His temp'rate verse a gentler homage pays,
And sighs serenely for unfeeling praise,

This purer taste, this philosophic art,
(If thou, O Sentiment! thy aid impart)
The Muse shall sing—attend ye glitt'ring train
Of sighing Beaux, nor scorn the votive strain;
Tho' harsh the verse, tho' rude the unpolish'd lay,
Soft is the tender science they display.

First, for true grounds of Sentimental lore,
The scenes of modern Comedy explore;
Dramatic Homilies! devout and sage,
Stor'd with wise maxims, "both for youth and age."
Maxims, that scorning their old homely dress,
Shift from plain proverbs to spruce sentences.
But chief let *Cumberland* thy Muse direct:
High Priest of all the Tragi-comic sect!
Mid darts and flames his Lover *cooly* waits;
Calm as a Hero, cas'd in *Hartley's plates*;
Till damp'd, and chill'd, by sentimental sighs,
Each stifled passion in a vapor dies.

Hence form thy taste, hence strew thy temp'rate lays
With moral raptures, and sententious praise.

Thus skill'd, with critic care, thy subject choose;
A kindred theme, congenial to thy Muse.
No giddy Nymph, of youth and beauty vain,
But some fair Stoic, link'd in Hymen's chain:
Serene and cold; by wise Indiff'rence led
To a rich Title, and a—sep'rate bed.
Now, sick of vanity, with grandeur cloy'd,
She leans on Sentiment, to sooth the void:
Deep in Rousseau, her purer thoughts approve
The Metaphysics of Platonic Love.
Thine be the task, with quaint, fantastic phrase,
To variegate her unimpassion'd praise.

Poetic Compliments from Sonnets cull—
Harmonious quibbles, logically dull!
True to their age of Paradox, they chime
Problems in verse, and sophistry in rhyme—
Yet, thro' these lymbecks Cowley's patient Muse
From mimic sighs distill'd Castalian dews;
So Spenser toil'd, to sooth the Royal Maid;
So hapless Petrarch wept his Laura's shade.

But hence, tame Precept!—let example lead
The modish Poet to his glorious meed:
Haste to the radiant shrine of Fashion, haste!
There, form thy genius, there, correct thy taste.

And lo! the glitt'ring Altar stands confest!
Loose o'er the Goddess floats her motley vest:

As Flora, gay,—as Iris, wildly bright,
Its varying lustre strikes the dazzled sight.
Here, Vanity, with flow'rs and feathers crown'd,
Sports with the Seasons thro' their airy round.
Here, spurious Art and mimic Science pour
Whims of a day, and theories of an hour.
The Goddess smiles; for, lo! even Poets trace
Her local charms, her temporary grace—
Above the rest, how fondly she regards
Her fav'rite train, the Sentimental Bards!

On a spruce pedestal of *Wedgwood ware*,
Where motley forms, and tawdry emblems glare,
Behold she consecrates to cold applause,
A Petrefaction, work'd into a *Vase*:
The Vase of Sentiment:—to this impart
Thy kindred coldness, and congenial art.
Here, as in humbler scenes, from Cards and Gout
The Muse-rid *Millar* gleans her learned Rout,
With votive song, and tributary verse,
Fashion's gay train her gentle rites rehearse.
What soft poetic incense breathes around!
What soothing hymns from Adulation sound!

When Fashion calls, can *Carlisle* be away?
For her ev'n *Carlisle* breathes a random lay;
Not with the praise of youthful Friendship fir'd:
Not with the glow of Dante's Muse inspir'd:
A softer lay, a gentler tribute's paid;
The last sad requiem to a—Spaniel's shade!—

Here too *Fitzpatrick* waits some lucky hit;
For, still the slave of Chance, he *throws* at wit.
While *Townshend* his pathetic bow displays,
And princely *Boothby* silent homage pays.

False to each fav'ring Muse, the elect of Phoebus
Here string Charades, or fabricate a Rebus.
With *chips* of wit, and mutilated lays,
Here *Palmerston* fineers his *Bouts Rhimeés*.
Mulgrave! whose Muse nor winds nor waves control,
Here bravely pens Acrostics—on *the Pole*.
Warms with poetic fire the Northern air,
And sooths with tuneful raptures—*the great Bear*;
So when the rebel-winds on Neptune fell,
They sunk to rest, at sound of Triton's shell.

" If *Placemen* thus poetic honors prize,
Shall I be mute? (the laureat *Whitehead* cries.)
What if some rival Bard my empire share!
Yet, yet I tremble at the name of *Clare*.
Pindar to *Clare* had yielded—so did I—
Alas can Poetry with *Poplin* vie!
Ah me! if Poets *barter* for applause,
How *Jerningham* will thrive on flimsy *gauze!*
What tatter'd tinsel *Luttrell* will display!
Garmarthen sattin—*Carlisle* paduasoy!
Garrick will follow his old remnant trade;
He'll buy my place with *Jubilee brocade*.
While *Anstey*, the reversion to obtain,
Vamps his *Bath drugget*, till he spoils the grain.

Perish the thought! hence visionary fear!
Phoebus, or Phaedrus, shall old *Whitehead* cheer.
Fashion! behold their gift—be this preferr'd!"
—He said—and proudly brandish'd the *Goat's beard*—

In just degree, the Goddess hails their toils,
Bows for a distich, for a stanza smiles,
Familiar nods an Epigram attend,
An Ode will almost rank you as a Friend:
A softer name fond Elegy bestows,
But nearest to her Heart a Sonnet flows.

Behold, one dunce, by her profound decree,
Supreme Dictator of the Coterie:
Prim, plausible, oracular, and sage,
The native *Texier* of the wond'ring age!
The solemn coxcomb never talks—his frown
Is instant obloquy, his smile renown:
Words would degrade this literary God:
He gives his fiat with a silent nod.

Another's fame more gentle honors tell;
Familiar Critic of each bright *Ruelle!*
Soon as the orient beam of Beauty's ray
Discloses, just at noon, the dawn of day;
And *Devon* wakes! *and Picadilly's gay*;"
Perch'd at her Grace's toilet, *Minim* sits,
The little Scholiast of the Female Wits.
Tir'd of conjecture, and perplex'd with doubt,
To him they fly—to make a riddle out;

To pierce a paragraph's mysterious vail;
And eke out Scandal's hesitating tale.
With conscious pride the flippant Witling shares
His motley task of miscellaneous cares;
Expounds *Charades*, thro' close detraction pryes,
Construes *initials*, and the *blanks* supplies.
And oft with varied art, his thoughts digress
On deeper themes—the documents of dress:
With nice discernment, to each stile of face
Adapt a ribbon, or suggest a lace;
O'er *Granby*'s cap bid loftier feathers float,
And add new bows to *Devon*'s petticoat.—

Others, resolv'd more ample fame to boast,
Plant their own Laurels in the *Morning Post*.
Soft *Evening* dews refresh the tender green:
Pass but a Month, it swells each *Magazine*:
Till the luxuriant boughs so wildly shoot,
The *Annual Register* transplants the root—
But these are spurious honors, not the true,
Who shall obtain *The Wreath of Fashion*—who?

The *wily Charles* long florish'd o'er the rest;
Expert to argue, or to flatter best:
For, born a Disputant, a Sophist bred,
His nurse he silenc'd, and his Tutor led:
But hail'd, with filial duty's pious sense,
His Sire's best gift—delusive Eloquence
That art to cherish, with a lavish pride
His kindred Genius ev'ry pow'r supplied:

Persuasion's breath—to swell the Statesman's sail :
Or, if his fancy veer, retard the gale.
Soft words—to mollify the Miser's breast,
And lull relenting Usury to rest.
Bright beams of wit—to still the raging Jew;
His black'ning mists dissolve to golden dew,
Teach him to dun no more, and lend anew!

Here, *Charles* his native eloquence refin'd;
Pleas'd at the Toilet, in the Senate shin'd:
And North approv'd—and *Amoret* look'd kind.
Till, rashly wand'ring in Ambition's chase,
He lost at once his laurels and—his place.

At Fashion's shrine, behold a gentler Bard
Gaze on the mystic *Vase* with fond regard—
But see, Thalia checks the doubtful thought.
" Can'st thou (she cries) with sense, with genius fraught,
Can'st thou to Fashion's tyranny submit,
Secure in native, independent wit?
Or yield to Sentiment's insipid rule,
By Taste, be Fancy chac'd thro' *Scandal's School*?
Ah, no! be *Sheridan*'s the comic page;
Or let me fly with *Garrick* from the Stage."

Haste then, my Friend, for let me boast that name)
Haste to the op'ning path of genuine Fame:
Or, if thy Muse a gentler theme pursue,
Ah, 'tis to Love, and thy Eliza, due!

For sure the sweetest lay she well may claim,
Whose soul breathes harmony o'er all her frame;
While wedded Love, with ray serenely clear,
Beams from her eye, as from its proper sphere.

—But thou, for whom the Muse first tun'd the lyre,
Vot'ry of Sentiment, do thou aspire,
With studious toil to win that bright reward,
The Wreath of Fashion for her chosen Bard.
Not rudely wove with Nature's short-liv'd store,
(The simple meed her humble Poet wore)
But spruce and trim, as suits thy kindred pow'rs,
With mimic buds, and artificial flow'rs.

Blest Wreath! whose flowrets dread no vulgar doom
Of fading hues, or transitory bloom;
Above the fleeting pride of Flora's day,
Thy vivid foilage never can decay!
There, violets, pinks, and lilies of the vale,
Despise the sultry beam, or chilly gale:
There, fix'd as *Archer's* rouge, the mimic rose,
With persevering blush, for ever glows;
There, myrtles bloom, that shame the Cyprian fields;
There, bays, immortal as Parnassus yields.—

Triumphant Art! Let vanquish'd Nature mourn
Her lost simplicity, o'er *Shenstone's* urn:
With sympathetic sorrows, on *his* tomb
Let the pale primrose shed its wild perfume;

The cowslip droop its head; and all around
The with'ring violet strew the hallow'd ground—
For, mute the Swain, and cold the hand that wove
Their simple sweets to wreaths of artless love—
Simplicity with *Shenstone* died!——

EPISTLE VIII.

TO

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNT.

COMPTROLLER-GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS,

And Author of a late Dissertation

ON ORIENTAL GARDENING.

Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricae Virg.

KNIGHT of the Polar Star! by Fortune plac'd
To shine the Cynosure of British taste?
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view
The scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtu;
And spread their lustre in so broad a blaze,
That kings themselves are dazzled, while they gaze.
O let the Muse attend thy march sublime,
And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme;
Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song,
With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-Tsong;
Like thee to scorn Dame Nature's simple fence;
Leap each Ha-ha of truth and common sense;
And proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear

Of him, whom we and all the world admit
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
Does Envy doubt? Witness, ye chosen train!
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign?
Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Shebbeares,
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.
Let David Hume, from the remotest North,
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;
David, who there supinely deigns to lye
The fattest Hog of Epicurus' sty;
Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
David shall bless Old England's halcyon days;
The mighty Home, bemir'd in prose so long,
Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song:
While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in Ghosts to deal,
Bids candid Smollet from his coffin steal;
Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,
Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
To come from Hell, and warble Truth at Court.

There was a time, "in Esher's peaceful grove,
When Kent and nature vy'd for Pelham's love,
That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,
And own'd that Beauty blest their mutual toil."
Mistaken Bard! could such a pair design
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line?
Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
Felt, as we feel, Taste's oriental ray,

Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
Call'd Kent a Driveller, and the Nymph a drab.
For what is Nature ? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground ;
Prolong the peal, yet spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water.
So, when some John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's,
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.

Come then, prolific Art, and with thee bring
The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring ;
To Richmond come, for see, untutor'd Brown
Destroys those virtues which were once thy own.
Lo, from his melon ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's Cave :
Knock'd down the waxen wizard, seiz'd his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was Fairy land ;
And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design
Of Stephen Duck, and good Queen Caroline.
Haste, bid yon livelong Terrace reascend,
Replace each vista, straighten every bend ;
Shut out the Thames ; shall that ignoble thing
Approach the presence of great ocean's King ?
No! let Barbaric glories feast his eyes,
August Pagodas round his palace rise,
And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
" A work to wonder at, perhaps a" Kew.

Nor rest we here, but at our magic call,
Monkies shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl;
Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love;
In some fair island will we turn to grass
(With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass.
Giants from Africa shall guard the glades,
Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar maids:
Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring
Damsels alike adroit to sport and sing.

Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,
Join we the groves of horror and affright;
This to achieve no foreign aids we try,
Thy gibbets, Bagshot! shall our wants supply;
Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills,
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.
Here too, O King of Vengeance, in thy fane,
Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain;
And round that fane on many a Tyburn tree,
Hang fragments dire of Newgate's history;
On this shall Holland's dying speech be read,
Here Bute's confession and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age
(Too numerous far for this contracted page)
The Rigbys, Calcrafts, Mungos, Bradshaws there,
In straw-stuft effigy, shall kick the air.
But say, ye Powers, who come when fancy calls,
Where shall our mimic London rear her walls?

That Eastern feature, Art must next produce,
Tho' not for present yet for future use,
Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould:
Who of three realms shall condescend to know
No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow;
For him that blessing of a better time,
The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime;
Surpass the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in design,
And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line
Of marble arches, in a bridge, that cuts
From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts.
Brentford with London's charms will we adorn:
Brentford, the bishopric of Parson Horne.
There at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's-street;
Stout Talbot there shall ply with hackney chair,
And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there.
Like distant thunder now the coach of state
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight.
The court hath crost the stream; the sports begin;
Now Nowel preaches of rebellion's sin:
And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir Flecher's eyes.
While skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
Who ne'er before at sermons shew'd his face,
See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop! stop thief!
He 's stol'n the Earl of Denbigh's hankerchief.
Let Barrington arrest him in mock fury,
And Mansfield hang the knave without a jury.

But hark, the voice of battle shouts from far,
The Jews and Maccaronies are at war:
The Jews prevail, and thund'ring from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, and circumcise Charles Fox.
Fair Schwellenbergen smiles the sport to see,
And all the Maids of Honor cry Te! He!

Be these the rural pastimes that attend
Great Brunswick's leisure: these shall best unbend
His royal mind, whene'er from state withdrawn,
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam.
And thou, Sir William! while thy plastic hand
Creates each wonder, which thy Bard has plann'd,
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprize,
O! let the Bard his Knight's protection claim,
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

EPISTLE IX.

TO THE PUBLIC.

AN

HEROIC POSTCRIPT.

Occasioned by their favourable Reception of a late Heroic Epistle to

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNT. &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THAT EPISTLE.

Sicelides Musae, paullo majora canamus. Virg.

I THAT of late, Sir William's Bard, and squire,
March'd with his helm and buckler on my lyre,
(What time the knight prick'd forth in ill-starr'd haste,
Comptroller-General of the works of taste),
Now to the public tune my grateful lays,
Warm'd with the sun-shine of the Public praise;
Warm'd too with mem'ry of that golden time,
When Almon gave me reason for my rhyme;
——glittering orbs, and, what endear'd them more,
Each glittering orb the sacred features bore
Of George the good, the gracious and the great,
Unfil'd, unsweated, all of sterling weight;
Or, were they not, they pass'd with current ease,
Good seemings then were good realities:

No Senate had convey'd, by smuggling art,
Pow'r to the mob to play Cadogan's part;
Now, thro' the land, that impious pow'r prevails,
All weigh their Sov'reign in their private scales,
And find him wanting, all save me alone,
For, sad to say! my glittering orbs are gone.
But ill beseems a Poet to repent,
Lightly they came, and full as lightly went.
Peace to their manes! may they never feel
Some keen Scotch banker's unrelenting steel;
While I again the Muse's sickle bring
To cut down Dunces, wheresoe'er they spring,
Bind in poetic sheaves the plenteous crop,
And stack my full ear'd load in Almon's shop.
For now, my Muse, thy fame is fixt as fate,
Tremble, ye Fools I scorn, ye Knaves I hate;
I know the vigor of thy eagle wings,
I know thy strains can pierce the ear of Kings.
Did China's monarch here in Britain doze,
And was, like western Kings, a King of Prose,
Thy song could cure his Asiatic spleen,
And make him wish to see and to be seen;
That solemn vein of irony so fine,
Which, e'en Reviewers own, adorns thy line,
Would make him soon against his greatness sin,
Desert his sofa, mount his palanquin,
And post where'er the Goddess led the way,
Perchance to proud Spithead's imperial bay;
There should he see, as other folks have seen,
That ships have anchors, and that seas are green,

Should own the tackling trim, the streamers fine,
With Sandwich prattle, and with Bradshaw dine,
And then sail back, amid the cannon's roar,
As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore.

Such is thy pow'er, O Goddess of the song,
Come then and guide my careless pen along;
Yet keep it in the bounds of sense and verse,
Nor, like Mac-Homer, make me gabble Erse.
No, let the flow of these spontaneous rhymes
So truly touch the temper of the times,
That he who runs may read; while well he knows
I write in metre, what he thinks in prose;
So shall my song, undisciplin'd by art,
Find a sure patron in each English heart.
If this its fate, let all the frippery things
Be-plac'd, be-pension'd, and be-starr'd by Kings,
Frown on the page, and with fastidious eye,
Like old young Fannius, call it blasphemy.
Let these prefer a levee's harmless talk,
Be ask'd how often, and how far they walk,
Proud of a single word, nor hope for more,
Tho' Jenkinson is blest with many a score;
For other ears my honest number sound,
With other praise those numbers shall be crown'd,
Praise that shall spread, no pow'r can make it less,
While Britain boasts the bulwark of her press.
Yes, sons of Freedom! yes, to whom I pay,
Warm from the heart, this tributary lay;
That lay shall live, tho' Court and Grub-street sigh,

Your young Marcellus was not born to die.
The Muse shall nurse him up to man's estate,
And break the black asperity of fate——
Admit him then your candidate for fame,
Pleas'd if in your Review he read his name.
Tho' not with Mason and with Goldsmith put,
Yet cheek by jowl with Garrick, Colman, Foote,
But if with higher Bards that name you range,
His modesty must think your judgment strange—
So when o'er Crane-Court's philosophic Gods,
The Jove-like majesty of Pringle nods,
If e'er he chance to wake on Newton's chair,
He " wonders how the devil he came there."

Whate'er his fame or fate, on this depend—
He is, and means to be, his Country's friend.
'Tis but to try his strength that now he sports
With Chinese gardens, and with Chinese courts;
But if that country claim a graver strain,
If real danger threat fair Freedom's reign,
If hireling Peers, in prostitution bold,
Sell her as cheaply as themselves they sold;
Or they, who honor'd by the People's choice,
Against that People lift their rebel voice,
And basely crouching for their paltry pay,
Vote the best birthright of her sons away,
Permit a nation's in-born wealth to fly
In mean, unkingly prodigality;
Nor, e'er they give, ask how the sums were spent,
So quickly squander'd, tho' so lately lent——

If this they dare, the thunder of his song,
Rolling in deep-ton'd energy along,
Shall strike, with Truth's dead bolt, each miscreant's name,
Who, dead to duty, senseless e'en to shame,
Betray'd his Country. Yes, ye faithless crew,
His muse's vengeance shall your crimes pursue,
Stretch you on Satire's rack, and bid you lie
Fit garbage for the hell-hound, Infamy.

EPISTLE X.

THE
ART OF POLITICS.

IN IMITATION OF
HORACE's ART OF POETRY.

BY THE
REV. MR. BRAMSTON.

IF to an human face Sir James should draw
A horse's mane, and feathers of maccaw,
A lady's bosom, and a tail of cod,
Who could help laughing at a sight so odd?
Just such a monster, Sirs, pray think before you,
When you behold one man both Wig and Tory.
Not more extravagant are drunkards' dreams,
Than Low-church politics with High-church schemes.

Painters, You'll say, may their own fancies use,
And free-born Britons may their party choose:
That's true, I own: but can one piece be drawn
For dove and dragon, elephant and fawn?

Speakers profess'd, who gravity pretend,
With motley sentiments their speeches blend;

Begin like patriots, and like courtiers end.
Some love to roar the constitution's broke,
And others on the nation's debts to joke:
Some rail, (they hate a commonwealth so much,)
Whate'er the subject be, against the Dutch;
While others, with more fashionable fury,
Begin with turnpikes, and conclude with Fleury.
Some, when th' affair was Blenheim's glorious battle,
Declaim'd against importing Irish cattle:
But you, from whate'er side you take your name,
Like Anna' motto, always be the same.

Outsides deceive, 'tis hard the truth to know,
Parties from quaint denominations flow,
As Scotch and Irish antiquaries show.
The low are said to take Fanatics parts,
The high are bloody Papists in their hearts.
Caution and fear to highest faults have run;
In pleasing both the parties, you please none.
Who in the house affects declaiming airs,
Whales in Change-alley paints: in Fish-street, bears.
Some metaphors, some handkerchiefs display,
These peep in hats, while those with buttons play,
And make me think it Repetition-day;
There knights haranguing hug a neighb'ring post,
And are but quorum orators at most,
Sooner than thus my want of sense expose,
I'll deck out bandy-legs with gold-clock'd hose,
Or wear a toupet-wig without a nose.

Nay, I would sooner have thy phyz I swear,
Surintendant des plaisirs d' Angleterre.

Ye weekly Writers of seditious news,
Take care your subjects artfully to choose,
Write panegyric strong, or boldly rail,
You cannot miss preferment, or a gaol.
Wrap up your poison, well, nor fear to say
What was a lie last night is truth to-day.
Tell this, sink that, arrive at Ridpath's praise,
Let Abel Roper your ambition raise.
To lie fit opportunity observe,
Saving some double meaning in reserve;
But oh! you'll merit everlasting fame,
If you can quibble on Sir Robert's name.
In state affairs use not the vulgar phrase,
Talk words scarce known in good queen Besse's days,
New terms let war or traffic introduce,
And try to bring persuading-ships in use.
Coin words: in coining ne'er mind common sense,
Provided the original be French.

Like South-sea stock, expressions rise and fall:
King Edward's words are now no words at all.
Did aught our predecessors genius cramp?
Sure ev'ry reign may have its proper stamp.
All sublunary things of death partake;
What alteration does a cent'ry make!
Kings and comedians are all mortal found,
Caesar and Pinkethman are under ground.

What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the may-pole in the Strand?
Pease, cabbages, and turnips once grew, where
Now stands New Bond street, and a newer square;
Such piles of buildings now rise up and down,
London itself seems going out of town.
Our fathers cross'd from Fulham in a wherry,
Their sons enjoy a bridge at Putney-ferry.
Think we that modern words eternal are?
Toupet and Tompion, Cosins, and Colmar
Hereafter will be call'd, by some plain man,
A wig, a watch, a pair of stays, a fan.
To things themselves if time such change affords,
Can there be any trusting to our words?

To screen good ministers from public rage,
And how with party madness to engage,
We learn from Addison's immortal page.
The Jacobite's ridiculous opinion
Is seen from Tickell's letter to Avignon.
But who puts Caleb's Country-Craftsman out,
Is still a secret, and the world's in doubt.

Not long since parish-clerks, with saucy airs,
Apply'd king David's psalms to state affairs.
Some certain tunes to politics belong,
On both sides drunkards love a party-song.

If full across the Speaker's chair I go,
Can I be said the rules o'th' House to know?
I'll ask, nor give offence without intent,
Nor through meer sheepishness be impudent.

In acts of Parliament avoid sublime,
Nor e'er address his Majesty in rhyme;
An Act of Parliament's a serious thing,
Begins with year of Lord and year of King;
Keeps close to form, in every word is strict,
When it would pains and penalties inflict.
Soft words suit best petitioners' intent;
Soft words, O ye petitioners of Kent!

Whoe'er harangues before he give his vote,
Should send sweet language from a tuneful throat.
Pultney the coldest breast with zeal can fire,
And Roman thoughts by Attic stile inspire;
He knows from tedious wrangling to beguile
The serious house into a cheerful smile;
When the great Patriot paints his anxious fears
For England's safety, I am lost in tears.
But when dull speakers strive to move compassion,
I pity their poor hearers, not the nation:
Unless young members to the purpose keep,
I fall a laughing, or I fall asleep.

Can men their inward faculties control?
Is not the tongue an index to the soul?

Laugh not in time of service to your God,
Nor bully, when in custody o' th' rod:
Look grave, and be from jokes and grinning far,
When brought to sue for pardon at the bar:
If then you let your ill tim'd wit appear,
Knights, citizens, and burgesses will sneer.

For land, or trade, not the same notions fire
The city-merchant, and the country-'squire;
Their climes are distant, though one cause unites
The lairds of Scotland, and the Cornish knights.

To likelihood your characters confine:
Don't turn Sir Paul out, let Sir Paul resign.
In Walpole's voice (if factions ill intend)
Give the two Universities a friend;
Give Maidstone wit, and elegance refin'd;
To both the Pelhams give the Scipio's mind;
To Cart'ret learning, eloquence, and parts;
To George the second, give all English hearts.

Sometimes fresh names in politics produce,
And factions yet unheard of introduce;
And if you dare attempt a thing so new,
Make to itself the flying squadron true.

To speak is free, no member is debarr'd;
But funds and national accounts are hard:
Safer on common topics to discourse,
The malt-tax, and a military force.

On these each coffee-house will lend a hint,
Besides a thousand things that are in print.
But steal not word for word, nor thought for thought,
For you'll be teaz'd to death, if you are caught.
When factious leaders boast increasing strength,
Go not too far, nor follow every length:
Leave room for change, turn with a grace about,
And swear you left 'em, when you found 'em out.

With art and modesty your part maintain;
And talk like Col'nel Titus, not like Lane.
The trading knight with rants his speech begins,
Sun, moon, and stars, and dragons, saints, and kings.
But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
When the exclusion-bill was in suspence,
I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him there, or shall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again?

Some mighty blusterers impeach with noise,
And call their private cry, the public voice.

From folios of accounts they take their handles,
And the whole balance proves a pound of candles;
As if Paul's cupola were brought to bed,
After hard labour, of a small pin's head.

Some Rufus, some the Conqueror bring in,
And some from Julius Caesar's days beg in.

A cunning speaker can command his chops,
And when the house is not in humour, stops:
In falsehood probability employs,
Nor his old lies with newer lies destroys.

If when you speak, you'd hear a needle fall,
And make the frequent hear-hims rend the wall,
In matters suited to your taste engage,
Rememb'ring still your quality and age.
Thy task be this, young Knight, and hear my song,
What politics to every age belong.

When babes can speak, babes should be taught to say
King George the second's health, huzza, huzza!
Boys should learn Latin for Prince William's sake,
And girls Louisa their example make.

More loves the youth, just come to his estate,
To range the fields, than in the house debate;
More he delights in fav'rite Jowler's tongue,
Than in Will Shippen, or Sir William Yonge:
If in one chaise he can two horses kill,
He cares not two-pence for the land-tax bill:
Loud in his wine, in women not o'er-nice,
He damns his uncles if they give advice;
Votes as his father did when there's a call,
But had much rather never vote at all.

We take a different turn at twenty-six,
And lofty thoughts on some lord's daughter fix;
With men in pow'r strict friendship we pursue,
With some considerable post in view.

A man of forty years to change his note,
One way to speak, and t'other way to vote;
Careful his tongue in passion to command,
Avoids the bar, and speaker's reprimand.

In bags the old man lets his treasure rust,
Afraid to use it, or the funds to trust;
When stocks are low he wants the heart to buy,
And through much caution sees them rise too high;
Thinks nothing rightly done since seventy-eight,
Swears present members do not talk, but prate:
In Charles the second's days, says he, ye prigs,
Tories were Tories then, and Wigs were Wigs.
Alas, this is a lamentable truth,
We lose in age, as we advance in youth.
I laugh when twenty will like eighty talk,
And old Sir John with Polly Peachum walk.

Now as to double, or to false returns,
When pockets suffer, and when anger burns;
O thing surpassing faith! knight strives with knight,
When both have brib'd, and neither's in the right,
The bailiff's self is sent for in that case,
And all the witnesses had face to face.

Selected members soon the fraud unfold,
In full committee of the house 'tis told:
Th' incredible corruption is destroy'd,
The chairman's angry, and th' election void.

Those who would captivate the well-bred throng,
Should not too often speak, nor speak too long:
Church, nor church-matters ever turn to sport,
Nor make St. Stephen's chapel, Dover-court.

The speaker, when the commons are assembled,
May to the Graecian Chorus be resembled;
'Tis his the young and modest to espouse,
And see none draw, or challenge in the house:
Tis his, old hospitality to use,
And three good printers for the house to choose;
To let each representative be heard,
And take due care the chaplain be preferr'd;
To hear no motion made that's out of joint,
And when he spies his member, make his point.

To knights new chosen in old time would come
The country trumpet, and perhaps a drum;
Now when a burgess new elect appears,
Come trainbands, horseguards, footguards, grenadiers,
When the majority the town-clerk tells,
His Honor pays the fiddles, waits, and bells:

Harangues the mob, and is as wise and great,
As the most mystic oracle of state.

When the Duke's Grandson for the county stood,
His beef was fat, and his october good;
His lordship took each ploughman by the fist,
Drank to their sons, their wives and daughter's kiss'd;
But when strong beer their free-born hearts inflames,
They sell him bargains, and they call him names.
Thus it is deem'd in English nobles wise
To stoop for no one reason but to rise.

Election matters shun with cautious awe,
O all ye Judges learned in the law;
A judge by bribes as much himself degrades,
As duchess-dowager by masquerades.

Try not with jests obscene to force a smile,
Nor lard your speech with mother Needham's stile;
Let not your tongue to Ωλφιελδισμος run,
And Κιϛϛερισμος with abhorrence shun;
Let not your looks affected words disgrace,
Nor join with silver tongue a brazen face;
Let not your hands, like tallboys be employ'd,
And the mad rant of tragedy avoid.
Just in your thoughts, in your expression clear,
Neither too modest, nor too bold appear.

Others in vain a like success will boast,
He speaks most easy, who has study'd most.

A Peer's pert Heir has to the commons spoke
A vile reflection, or a bawdy joke:
Call'd to the house of lords, of this beware,
'Tis what the Bishops' bench will never bear.
Among the commons is such freedom shown,
They lash each other, and attack the throne;
Yet so unskilful or so fearful some,
For nine that speak there's nine-and-forty dumb.

When James the first, at great Britannia's helm,
Rul'd this word-clipping and word-coining realm,
No word to royal favour made pretence,
But what agreed in sound and clash'd in sense.
Thrice happy he! how great that speaker's praise,
Whose every period look'd an hundred ways.
What then? we now with just abhorrence shun
The trifling quibble, and the school-boy's pun;
Though no great connoisseur, I make a shift
Just to find out a Durfey from a Swift;
I can discern with half an eye, I hope,
Mist from Jo. Addison; from Eusden, Pope:
I know a farce from one of Congreve's plays,
And Cibber's opera from Johnny Gay's.

When pert Defoe his saucy papers writ,
He from a cart was pillor'd for his wit:

By mob was pelted half a morning's space,
And rotten eggs besmear'd his yellow face;
The Censor then improv'd the list'ning Isle,
And held both parties in an artful smile.
A scribbling crew now pinching winter brings,
That spare no earthly nor no heavenly things,
Nor church, nor state, nor treasurers, nor kings.
But blasphemy displeases all the town;
And for defying scripture, law, and crown,
Woolston should pay his fine, and lose his gown.

It must be own'd the journals try all ways
To merit their respective party's praise:
They jar in every article from Spain;
A war these threaten, those a peace maintain:
Though lie they will, to give them all their due,
In foreign matters, and domestic too.
Whoe'er thou art that wouldst a Postman write,
Enquire all day, and hearken all the night.
Sure, Gazetteers and writers of Courants
Might soon exceed the intelligence of France;
To be out-done old England should refuse,
As in her arms, so in her public news:
But truth is scarce, the scene of action large,
And correspondence an excessive charge.

There are who say, no man can be a wit,
Unless for Newgate, or for Bedlam fit;
Let pamphleteers abusive satire write,
To shew a genius is to shew a spite:

That author's work will ne'er be reckon'd good,
Who has not been where Curll the printer stood.

Alas poor me! you may my fortune guess:
I write, and yet humanity profess:
(Though nothing can delight a modern judge,
Without ill-nature and a private grudge)
I love the king, the queen, and royal race,
I like the government, but want no place:
Too low in life to be a justice I,
And for a constable, thank God, too high;
Was never in a plot, my brain's not hurt;
I politics to poetry convert.

A politician must (as I have read)
Be furnish'd in the first place with a head:
A head well fill'd with Machiavelian brains,
And stuff'd with precedents of former reigns:
Must journals read, and Magna Charta quote;
But acts still wiser if he speaks by note:
Learn well his lesson, and ne'er fear mistakes;
For ready-money ready-speakers makes.
He must instructions and credentials draw,
Pay well the army, and protect the law:
Give to his country what's his country's due,
But first help brothers, sons, and cousins too.
He must read Grotius upon war and peace,
And the twelve judges' salary increase.
He must oblige old friends and new allies,
And find out ways and means for fresh supplies.

He must the weavers grievances redress,
And merchants wants in merchants words express.

Dramatic poets that expect the bays,
Should cull our histories for party plays;
Wicquefort's Embassador should fill their head,
And the State-trials carefully be read:
For what is Dryden's Muse, and Otway's plots,
To th' Earl of Essex or the Queen of Scots?

'Tis said that Queen Elizabeth could speak,
At twelve years old, right Attic full-mouth'd Greek:
Hence was the student forc'd at Greek to drudge,
If he would be a bishop or a judge,
Divines and lawyers now don't think they thrive,
Till promis'd places of men still alive:
How old is such a one in such a post?
The answer is, he's seventy-five almost:
Th' archbishop and the master of the rolls?
Neither is young, and one's as old as Paul's.
Will men that ask such questions, publish books
Like learned Hooker's, or chief justice Coke's?

On tender subjects with discretion touch,
And never say too little or too much.
On trivial matters florishes are wrong,
Motions for candles never should be long:
Or if you move, in case of sudden rain,
To shut the windows, speak distinct and plain.

Unless you talk good English, downright sense,
Can you be understood by Serjeant Spence?

New stories always should with truth agree,
Or truth's half-sister probability:
Scarce could Toft's rabbits and pretended throes
On half the honorable house impose.

When Cato speaks, young Shallow runs away,
And swears it is so dull he cannot stay:
When rakes begin on blasphemy to border,
Bromley and Hanmer cry aloud—to order.
The point is this, with manly sense and ease
T' inform the judgment, and the fancy please.
Praise it deserves, nor difficult the thing,
At once to serve one's country, and one's king.
Such speeches bring the wealthy Tonsons gain,
From age to age they minuted remain,
As precedents for George the twentieth's reign.

Is there a man on earth so perfect found,
Who ne'er mistook a word in sense or sound?
Not blund'ring, but persisting is the fault;
No mortal sin is lapsus linguae thought:
Clerks may mistake; considering who 'tis from,
I pardon little slips in Cler. Dom. Com.
But let me tell you I'll not take his part,
If every Thursday he date Die Mart.
Of sputt'ring mortals, 'tis the fatal curse,

By mending blunders still to make them worse.
Men sneer when —— gets a lucky thought,
And stare if Wyndham should be nodding caught.
But sleeping's what the wisest men may do,
Should the committee chance to sit till two.

Not unlike paintings, principles appear,
Some best at distance, some when we are near
The love of politics so vulgar's grown,
My landlord's party from his sign is known:
Mark of French wine, see Ormond's head appear,
While Marlb'rough's face directs to beer and beer;
Some Buchanan's, the Pope's head some like best,
The Devil tavern is a standing jest.

Whoe'er you are that have a suit secure,
Duly return'd, and from petition sure,
Stick to your friends in whatsoe'er you say;
With strong aversion shun the middle-way;
The middle-way the best we sometimes call,
But 'tis in politics no ways at all.
A Trimmer's what both parties turn to sport,
By country hated, and despis'd at court.
Who would in earnest to a party come,
Must give his vote not whimsical, but plumb.
There is no medium; for the term in vogue,
On either side, is, honest man, or rogue.
Can it be difficult our minds to shew,
Where all the difference is, yes, or no?

In all professions, time and pains give skill;
Without hard study dare physicians kill?
Can he that ne'er read statutes or reports,
Give chamber counsel, or urge law in courts?
But every whipster knows affairs of state,
Nor fears on nicest subjects to debate.
A knight of eighteen hundred pounds a year——
Who minds his head, if his estate be clear?
Sure he may speak his mind, and tell the house
He matters not the government a louse.
Lack-learning knights, these things are safely said
To friends in private, at the Bedford-head;
But in the house, before your tongue runs on,
Consult sir James, lord William's dead and gone.
Words to recall is in no member's power,
One single word may send you to the Tower.

The wrong'd to help, the lawless to restrain,
Thrice every year in ancient Egbert's reign,
The members to the Mitchelgemot went,
In after-ages called the Parliament;
Early the Mitchelgemot did begin
T' inroll their statutes on a parchment skin:
For impious treason hence no room was left,
For murder, for polygamy, or theft:
Since when the senate's power both sexes know,
From hops and claret, soap and callico.
Now wholesome laws young senators bring in
Gainst gaols, attorneys, bribery, and gin.

Since such the nature of the British state,
The power of Parliament so old and great,
Ye squires and Irish lords, 'tis worth your care
To be return'd for city, town, or shire,
By sheriff, bailiff, constable, or mayor.

Some doubt, which to a seat has best pretence,
A man of substance, or a man of sense:
But never any member feats will do,
Without a head-piece and a pocket too;
Sense is requir'd the depth of things to reach,
And money gives authority to speech.

A man of bus'ness won't 'till evening dine,
Abstains from women, company, and wine:
From Fig's new theatre he'll miss a night,
Though cocks, and bulls, and Irish women fight:
Nor sultry sun, nor storms of soaking rain,
The man of bus'ness from the house detain:
Nor speaks he for no reason but to say,
I am a member, and I spoke to-day.
I speak sometimes, you'll hear his lordship cry,
Because some speak that have less sense than I.

The man that has both land and money too,
May wonders in a trading borough do:
They'll praise his ven'son and commend his port,
Turn their two former members into sport,
And, if he likes it, satirize the court.

But at a feast 'tis difficult to know,
From real friends an undiscover'd foe;
The man that swears he will the poll secure,
And pawns his soul that your election's sure,
Suspect that man: beware, all is not right,
He's ten to one a corporation-bite.

Alderman Pond, a downright honest man,
Would say, I cannot help you, or I can:
To spend your money, sir, is all a jest;
Matters are settled, set your heart at rest;
We've made a compromise, and sir, you know,
That sends one member high, and t'other low.
But if his good advice you would not take,
He'd scorn your supper, and your punch forsake,
Leave you of mighty interest to brag,
And poll two voices like sir Robert Fag.

Parliamenteering is a sort of itch,
That will too oft unwary knights bewitch.
Two good estates Sir Harry Clodpole spent;
Sate thrice, but spoke not once, in parliament;
Two good estates are gone—Who'll take his word?
Oh! should his uncle die, he'd spend a third;
He'd buy a house, his happiness to crown,
Within a mile of some good borough-town;
Tag, rag, and bobtail to sir Harry's run,
Men that have votes, and women that have none;
Sons, daughters, grandsons, with his Honor dine;

He keeps a public-house without a sign.
Coblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice,
And drunken taylors boast their right of voice.
Dearly the free-born neighbourhood is bought,
They never leave him while he's worth a groat:
So leeches stick, nor quit the bleeding wound,
Till off they drop with skins full to the ground.

EPISTLE XI.

AN

ESSAY

ON

CONVERSATION.

TO WILLIAM WYNDHAM, ESQ.

OF FELBRIG, NORFOLK.

BY

BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET.

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosi,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi. Hor.

THE art of converse, how to sooth the soul
Of haughty man, his passions to control,
His pride at once to humble and to please,
And join the dignity of life with ease,
Be now my theme. O thou, whom Nature's hand
Fram'd for this best, this delicate command,
And taught, when lisping without reason's aid,
At the same time to speak and to persuade,
WYNDHAM, with diligence awhile attend,
Nor scorn th' instructions of an older friend;

Who, when the world's great commerce shall have
join'd
The deep reflection, and the strength of mind,
To the bright talents of thy youthful state,
In turn shall on thy better lessons wait.

Whence comes it, that in every art we see
Many can rise to a supreme degree;
Yet in this art, for which all seem design'd
By nature, scarcely one compleat we find?
You'll say, perhaps, we think, we speak, we move,
By the strong springs alone of selfish love:
Yet among all the species, is there one,
Whom with more caution than ourselves we shun?
What is it fills a puppet-show or court?
Go none but for the profit or the sport?
If so, why comes each soul fatigu'd away,
And curses the dull puppets same dull play;
Yet, unconvinc'd, is tempted still to go?
'Tis that we find at home our greatest foe.
And reason good why solitude we flee;
Can wants with self-sufficiency agree?

Yet, such our inconsistency of mind,
We court society, and hate mankind.
With some we quarrel, for they're too sincere:
With others, for they're close, reserv'd and queer:
This is too learn'd, too prudent, or too wise;
And that we for his ignorance despise:

A voice perhaps our ear shall harshly strike,
Then strait ev'n wit itself shall raise dislike;
Our eye may by some feature be annoy'd,
Behold at once a character destroy'd:
One's so good-natur'd, he's beyond all bearing,
He'll ridicule no friend, though out of hearing:
Another warm'd with zeal, offends our eyes,
Because he holds the mirror up to vice.
No wonder then, since fancies wild as these
Can move our spleen, that real faults displease.
When Maevius, spite of dulness, will be bright,
And teach ARGYLL to speak, and SWIFT to write;
When Flavia entertains us with her dreams,
And Macer with his no less airy schemes;
When peevishness, and jealousy and pride,
And int'rest that can brother hearts divide,
In their imagin'd forms our eyesight hit,
Of an old maid, a poet, peer or cit;
Can then, You'll say, philosophy refrain,
And check the torrent of each boiling vein?
Yes. She can still do more; view passion's slave
With mind serene, indulge him, and yet save.

But self-conceit steps in, and with strict eye
Scans every man, and every man awry;
That reigning passion, which through every stage
Of life still haunts us with unceasing rage.
No quality so mean, but what can raise
Some drudging driveling candidate for praise;

Ev'n in the wretch, who wretches can despise,
Still self-conceit will find a time to rise.
Quintus salutes you with forbidding face,
And thinks he carries his excuse in lace:
You ask, why Clodius bullies all he can?
Clodius will tell you, he's a gentleman:
Myrtilla struts and shudders half the year,
With a round cap that shews a fine-turn'd ear:
The lowest jest makes Delia laugh to death;
Yet she's no fool, she has only handsome teeth.
Ventoso lolls, and scorns all human kind,
From the gilt coach with four lac'd slaves behind:
Does all this pomp and state proceed from merit?
Mean thought! he deems it nobler to inherit:
While Fopling from some title draws his pride,
Meanless, or infamous, or misapply'd;
Free-mason, rake, or wit, 'tis just the same,
The charm is hence, he has gain'd himself a name.
Yet, spite of all the fools that pride has made,
'Tis not on man an useless burthen laid;
Pride has ennobled some, and some disgrac'd;
It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis plac'd:
When right, its view knows none but virtue's bound;
When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.
Mark! with what care the fair one's critic eye
Scans o'er her dress, nor lets a fault slip by;
Each rebel hair must be reduc'd to place
With tedious skill, and tortur'd into grace;
Betty must o'er and o'er the pins dispose,
Till into modish folds the drapery flows,

And the whole frame is fitted to express
The charms of decency and nakedness.
Why all this art, this labor'd ornament?
To captivate, You'll cry, no doubt, 'tis meant.
True. But let's wait upon this fair machine
From the lone closet to the social scene;
There view her loud, affected, scornful, sour,
Paining all others, and herself still more.
What means she, at one instant to disgrace
The labor of ten hours, her much-lov'd face;
Why, 'tis the self-same passion gratify'd;
The work is ruin'd, that was rais'd by pride.

Yet of all tempers, it requires least pain,
Could we but rule ourselves, to rule the vain.
The prudent is by reason only sway'd.
With him each sentence and each word is weigh'd;
The gay and giddy can alone be caught
By the quick lustre of a happy thought;
The miser hates, unless he steals your pelf;
The prodigal, unless you rob yourself;
The lewd will shun you, if your wife prove chaste;
The jealous, if a smile on his be cast;
The steady or the whimsical will blame,
Either, because you're not, or are the same;
The peevish, sullen, shrewd, luxurious, rash,
Will with your virtue, peace, or interest, clash;
But mark the proud man's price, how very low!
'Tis but a civil speech, a smile, or bow,

Ye who, push'd on by noble ardor, aim
In social life to get immortal fame,
Observe the various passions of mankind,
General, peculiar, single, or combin'd:
How youth from manhood differs in its views,
And how old age still other paths pursues;
How zeal in Priscus nothing more than heats,
In Codex burns, and ruins all it meets:
How freedom now a lovely face shall wear,
Now shock us in the likeness of a bear;
How jealousy in some resembles hate,
In others, seems but love grown delicate;
How modesty is often pride refin'd,
And virtue but the canker of the mind:
How love of riches, grandeur, life, and fame,
Wear different shapes, and yet are still the same.

But not our passions only disagree,
In taste is found as great variety:
Sylvius is ravish'd when he hears a hound,
His lady hates to death the odious sound:
Yet both love music, though in different ways;
He in a kennel, she at operas.
A florist shall, perhaps, not grudge some hours,
To view the colors in a bed of flowers;
Yet, shew him TITIAN's workmanship divine,
He passes on, and only cries, 'tis fine,
A rusty coin, an old worm-eaten post,
The mouldy fragment of an author lost,

A butterfly, an equipage, a star,
A globe, a fine lac'd hat, a china jar,
A mistress, or a fashion that is new,
Have each their charms, though felt but by a few.
Then study each man's passion and his taste,
The first to soften, and indulge the last:
Not like the wretch, who beats down virtue's fence,
And deviates from the paths of common sense;
Who daubs with fulsome flattery, blind and bold,
The very weakness we with grief behold.
Passions are common to the fool and wise,
And all would hide them under art's disguise;
For so avow'd, in others, is their shame,
None hates them more, than he who has the same.
But taste seems more peculiarly our own,
And every man is fond to make his known;
Proud of a mark he fancies is design'd
By nature to advance him o'er his kind;
And where he sees that character impress'd,
With joy he hugs the favourite to his breast.

But the main stress of all our cares must lie,
To watch ourselves with strict and constant eye:
To mark the working mind, when passion's course
Begins to swell, and reason still has force;
Or if she's conquer'd by the stronger tide,
Observe the moments when they first subside;
For he who hopes a victory to win
O'er other men, must with himself begin;

Else like a town by mutiny oppress'd,
He's ruin'd by the foe within his breast;
And they alone, who in themselves oft view
Man's image, know what method to pursue.
All other creatures keep in beaten ways,
Man only moves in an eternal maze:
He lives and dies, not tam'd by cultivation,
The wretch of reason, and the dupe of passion;
Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn;
More prone to doubt, than anxious to discern:
Tir'd with old doctrines, prejudic'd at new;
Mistaking still the pleasing for the true;
Foe to restraints approv'd by gen'ral voice,
Yet to each fool-born mode a slave by choice;
Of rest impatient, yet in love with ease;
When most good natur'd, aiming how to teaze:
Disdaining by the vulgar to be aw'd,
Yet never pleas'd but when the fools applaud,
By turns severe, indulgent, humble, vain:
A trifle serves to lose him or to gain.

Then grant this trifle; yet his vices shun,
Not like to CATO or to CLINEA'S son:
This for each humour every shape could take,
Ev'n virtue's own, though not for virtue's sake;
At Athens rakish, thoughtless, full of fire,
Severe at Sparta, as a Chartreux friar;
In Thrace, a bully, drunken, rash, and rude;
In Asia, gay, effeminate, and lewd;

While the rough Roman, virtue's rigid friend,
Could not, to save the cause he dy'd for, bend:
In him 'twas scarce an honor to be good,
He more indulg'd a passion than subdu'd.

See how the skilful lover spreads his toils,
When danger in pursuit of beauty's spoils!
Behold him bending at his idol's feet;
Humble, not mean; disputing, and yet sweet;
In rivalship not fierce, nor yet unmov'd;
Without a rival studious to be lov'd;
For ever chearful, though not always witty,
And never giving cause for hate or pity:
These are his arts, such arts as must prevail,
When riches, birth, and beauty's self will fail:
And what he does to gain a vulgar end,
Shall we neglect, to make mankind our friend?

Good sense and learning may esteem obtain;
Humor and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en:
Fair virtue admiration may impart;
But 'tis good-nature only wins the heart:
It moulds the body to an easy grace,
And brightens every feature of the face:
It smooths th' unpolish'd tongue with eloquence,
And adds persuasion to the finest sense.
Yet this, like every disposition, has
Fixt bounds, o'er which it never ought to pass;

When stretch'd too far, its honor dies away,
Its merit sinks, and all its charms decay;
Among the good it meets with no applause,
And to its ruin the malicious draws:
A slave to all, who force it, or entice,
It falls by chance in virtue or in vice.
'Tis true, in pity for the poor it bleeds,
It cloaths the naked, and the hungry feeds;
It cheers the stranger, nay its foes defends,
But then as oft it injures its best friends.

Study with care Politeness, that must teach
The modest forms of gesture and of speech:
In vain Formality, with matron mien,
And Pertness apes her with familiar grin:
They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain:
She moves with easy, though with measur'd pace,
And shews no part of study, but the grace.
Yet ev'n by this, man is but half refin'd,
Unless philosophy subdues the mind:
'Tis but a varnish that is quickly lost,
Whene'er the soul in passion's sea is tost.

Would you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue;
Hear every man upon his fav'rite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.

The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escap'd your sight.
Doubt, till he thinks you on conviction yield,
And with fit questions let each pause be fill'd:
And the most knowing will with pleasure grant,
You're rather much reserv'd than ignorant.

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike;
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
And raise a foe as often as a friend;
Like the resistless beams of blazing light,
That cheer the strong, and pain the weakly sight.
If a bright fancy therefore be your share,
Let judgment watch it with a guardian's care;
'Tis like a torrent apt to overflow,
Unless by constant government kept low;
And ne'er inefficacious passes by,
But overturns or gladdens all that's nigh.
Or else, like trees, when suffer'd wild to shoot,
That put forth much, but all unripen'd fruit;
It turns to affectation and grimace,
As like to wit, as dulness is to grace.

How hard soe'er it be to bridle wit,
Yet mem'ry oft no less requires the bit:
How many hurried by its force away,
For ever in the land of gossips stray!
Usurp the province of the nurse to lull,

Without her privilege for being dull!
Tales upon tales they raise ten stories high,
Without regard to use or symmetry:
So Ripley, till his destin'd space is fill'd,
Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build.
A story should, to please, at least seem true,
Be àpropos, well told, concise, and new;
And whensoe'er it deviates from these rules,
The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools.
But others, more intolerable yet,
The waggeries, that they've said, or heard, repeat;
Heavy by mem'ry made, and what's the worst,
At second-hand, as often as at first.
And can even patience hear without disdain,
The maiming register of sense once slain?
While the dull features, big with archness, strive
In vain, the forc'd half-smile to keep alive.

Some know no joy like what a word can raise,
Haul'd through a language's perplexing maze;
'Till on a mate, that seems t' agree, they light,
Like man and wife, that still are opposite;
Not lawyers at the bar play more with sense,
When brought to the last trope of eloquence,
Than they on every subject, great or small,
At clubs, or councils, at a church or ball,
Then cry we rob them of their tributes due:
Alas! how can we laugh and pity too?

While others to extremes as wild will run,
And with sour face anatomize a pun:
When the brisk glass to freedom does entice,
And rigid wisdom is a kind of vice.
But let not such grave fops your laughter spoil;
Ne'er frown where sense may innocently smile.

Cramp not your language into logic rules,
To rostrums leave the pedantry of schools;
Nor let your learning always be discern'd,
But choose to seem judicious more than learn'd.
Quote seldom, and then let it be, at least,
Some fact that's prov'd, or thought that's well express'd.
But less, disguis'd, your eye it should escape,
Know, pedantry can put on every shape:
For when we deviate into terms of art,
Unless constrain'd, we act the pedant's part.
Or if we're ever in the self-same key,
No matter of what kind the subject be,
From laws of nations down to laws of dress,
For statesmen have their cant, and belles no less.
As good hear Bentley dictate on epistles,
Or Burman comment on the Grecian whistles;
As old Obesus preach upon his belly,
Or Phileunucha rant on Farinelli;
Flirtilla read a lecture on a fan,
Or W——d set forth the praise of Kouli-Kan.

But above all things raillery decline,
Nature but few does for that task design:
'Tis in the ablest hand a dang'rous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool;
For all must grant it, it needs no common art
To keep men patient, when we make them smart.
Not wit alone, nor humour's self, will do,
Without good-nature, and much prudence too.
To judge aright of persons, place, and time;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime:
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,
Perhaps at court, or next day, would not pass.
Then leave to low buffoons, by custom bred,
And form'd by nature to be kick'd and fed,
The vulgar and unenvied task, to hit
All persons right or wrong with random wit.
Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,
Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase;
The motley coat gave warning for the jest,
Excus'd the wound, and sanctify'd the pest:
But we from high to low all strive to sneer,
Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.

Of all the qualities that help to raise
In men the universal voice of praise,
Whether in pleasure or in use they end,
There's none that can with modesty contend.
Tis a transparent veil that helps the sight,
And lets us look on merit with delight:

In others, 'tis a kindly light, that seems
To gild the worst defects with borrow'd beams.
Yet, 'tis but little that its form be caught,
Unless its origin be first in thought:
Else rebel nature will reveal the cheat,
And the whole work of art at once defeat.

Hold forth upon yourself on no pretence,
Unless invited, or in self-defence;
The praise you take, although it be your due,
Will be suspected, if it come from you:
For each man, by experience taught, can tell
How strong a flatterer does within him dwell:
And if to self-condemning you incline,
In sober sadness, and without design,
(For some will slily arrogate a vice,
That from excess of virtue takes its rise)
The world cries out, why does he hither come?
Let him do pennance for his sins at home.

No part of conduct asks for skill more nice,
Though none more common, than to give advice;
Misers themselves in this will not be saving,
Unless their knowledge makes it worth the having.
And where's the wonder, when we will obtrude
An useless gift, it meets ingratitude?
Shun then, unask'd, this arduous task to try;
But if consulted, use sincerity;
Too sacred is the welfare of a friend,
To give it up for any selfish end.

But use one caution, shift him o'er and o'er,
To find if all be not resolv'd before.
If such the case, in spite of all his art,
Some word will give the soundings of his heart;
And why should you a bootless freedom use,
That serves him not, and may his friendship lose?
Yet still on truth bestow this mark of love,
Ne'er to commend the thing you can't approve.
Sincerity has such resistless charms,
She oft the fiercest of our foes disarms;
No art she knows, in native whiteness dress'd,
Her thoughts all pure, and therefore all express'd:
She takes from error its deformity;
And without her, all other virtues die.
Bright source of goodness! to my aid descend,
Watch o'er my heart, and all my words attend:
If still thou deign'st to set thy foot below,
Among a race quite polish'd into show,
Oh! save me from the jilt's dissembling part,
Who grants to all all favors, but her heart;
Perverts the end of charming, for the fame;
To fawn, her business; to deceive her aim;
She smiles on this man, tips the wink on that,
Gives one a squeeze, another a kind pat;
Now jogs a foot, now whispers in an ear;
ere slips a letter, and there casts a leer;
'Till the kind thing, the company throughout,
Distributes all its pretty self about;
While all are pleas'd and wretched soon or late,
All but the wise, who see and shun the bait.

Yet if, as complaisance requires to do,
And rigid virtue sometimes will allow,
You stretch the truth in favor of a friend,
Be sure it ever aim at some good end;
To cherish growing virtue, vice to shame,
And turn to noble views the love of fame:
And not, like fawning parasites, unaw'd
By sense or truth, be every passion's bawd.

Be rarely warm in censure, or in praise;
Few men deserve our passion either ways;
For half the world but floats 'twixt good and ill,
As chance disposes objects, these the will:
'Tis but a see-saw game, where virtue now
Mounts above vice, and then sinks down as low.
Besides the wise still hold it for a rule,
To trust that judgment most, that seems most cool:
For all that rises to hyperbole,
Proves that we err, at least in the degree.
But if your temper to extremes should lead,
Always upon th' indulging side exceed;
For though to blame most lend a willing ear,
Yet hatred ever will attend on fear:
And when a neighbour's dwelling blazes out,
The world will think 'tis time to look about.

Let not the curious from your bosom steal
Secrets, where Prudence ought to set her zeal;
Yet be so frank and plain, that at one view,

In other things, each man may see you through:
For if the mask of policy you wear,
The honest hate you, and the cunning fear.

Would you be well receiv'd where'er you go,
Remember each man vanquish'd is a foe.
Resist not, therefore, with your utmost might,
But let the weakest think he's sometimes right;
He, for each triumph you shall thus decline,
Shall give ten opportunities to shine:
He sees, since once you own'd him to excel,
That 'tis his interest you should reason well:
And though when roughly us'd, he's full of choler,
As blust'ring Bentley to a brother scholar,
Yet by degrees, inure him to submit,
He's tame, and in his mouth receives the bit.
But chiefly against trifling contest guard,
'Tis here submission seems to man most hard:
Nor imitate that resolute old fool,
Who undertook to kick against his mule.
But those who will not by instruction learn,
How fatal trifles prove, let story warn.
Panthus and Euclio, link'd by friendship's tie,
Liv'd each for each, as each for each would die;
Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd;
'Twas but one soul that in two bodies reign'd.
One night, as usual 'twas their nights to pass,
They ply'd the cheerful, but still temp'rate glass,

When lo! a doubt is rais'd about a word:
A doubt that must be ended by the sword:
One falls a victim, mark, O man, thy shame,
Because their glossaries were not the same.
Could Bailey's self more tenderness have shown,
For his two tomes of words, though half his own?

For what remains of failings without end,
Morals must some, and some the laws must mend,
While others in such monstrous forms appear,
As tongue-ty'd sourness, sly suspicion's leer,
Free-fisted rudeness, dropsical pretence,
Proteus' caprice, and elbowing insolence;
No caution to avoid them they demand,
Like wretches branded by the hangman's hand.

If faith to some philosophers be given,
Man, that great lord of earth, that heir of heav'n,
Savage at first, inhabited the wood,
And scrambled with his fellow-brutes for food;
No social home he knew, no friendship's tie,
Selfish in good, in ill without ally;
Till some in length of time, of stronger nerve,
And greater cunning, forc'd the rest to serve
One common purpose, and, in nature's spite,
Brought the whole jarring species to unite,
But might we not with equal reason say,
That every single particle of clay,

Which forms our body, was at first design'd
To lie for ever from the rest disjoin'd?
Can this be said, and can it be allow'd
'Twas with its powers for no one end endow'd?
If so; we own that man, at first, by art
Was sooth'd to act in social life a part.
'Tis true, in some the seeds of discord seem
To contradict this all-uniting scheme:
But that no more hurts nature's general course,
Than matter found with a repelling force.

Turn we awhile on lonely man our eyes,
And see what frantic scenes of folly rise:
In some dark monastery's gloomy cells,
Where formal self-presuming Virtue dwells,
Bedoz'd with dreams of grace-distilling caves,
Of holy puddles, and consuming graves,
Of animated plaister, wood, and stone,
And mighty cures by sainted sinners done.
Permit me, Muse, still farther to explore,
And turn the leaves of superstition o'er;
Where wonders upon wonders ever grow,
Chaos of zeal and blindness, mirth and woe;
Visions of devils into monkeys turn'd:
That hot from hell roar at a finger burn'd:
Bottles of precious tears that saints have wept,
And breath a thousand years in phials kept;
Sun-beams sent down to prop one friar's staff,
And hell broke loose to make another laugh;

Obedient fleas, and superstitious mice;
Confessing wolves, and sanctifying lice:
Letters and houses by an angel carried;
And, wond'rous! virgin nuns to Jesus married.
One monk, not knowing how to spend his time,
Sits down to find out some unheard-of crime;
Increases the large catalogue of sins,
And where the sober finish, there begins.
Of death eternal his decree is past,
For the first crime, as fix'd as for the last.
While that, as idle, and as pious too,
Compounds with false religion for the true;
He, courtly usher to the blest abodes,
Weighs all the niceties of forms and modes;
And makes the rugged paths so smooth and even,
None but an ill-bred man can miss of heav'n.
One heav'n-inspir'd invents a frock or hood:
The taylor now cuts out, and men grow good.
Another quits his stockings, breeches, shirt,
Because he fancies virtue dwells with dirt:
While all concur to take away the stress
From weightier points, and lay it on the less.
Anxious each paltry relique to preserve
Of him, whose hungry friends they leave to starve,
Harrass'd by watching, abstinence, and chains;
Strangers to joy, familiar grown with pains;
To all the means of virtue they attend
With strictest care, and only miss the end.
Can Scripture teach us, or can Sense persuade,

That man for such employments e'er was made?
Far be that thought! But let us now relate
A character as opposite, as great,
In him, who living gave to Athens fame,
And, by his death, immortaliz'd her shame.
Great scourge of sophists! he from heaven brought down,
And plac'd true wisdom on th' usurper's throne:
Philosopher in all things, but pretence;
He taught what they neglected, common sense.
They o'er the stiff Lyceum form'd to rule;
He, o'er mankind; all Athens was his school.
The sober tradesman, and smart petit-maitre,
Great lords, and wits, in their own eyes still greater,
With him grew wise; unknowing they were taught;
He spoke like them, though not like them he thought:
Nor wept, nor laugh'd, at man's perverted state;
But left to women this, to ideots that.
View him with sophists fam'd for fierce contest,
Or crown'd with roses at the jovial feast;
Insulted by a peevish, noisy wife,
Or at the bar foredoom'd to lose his life;
What moving words flow from his artless tongue,
Sublime with ease, with condescension strong!
Yet scorn'd to flatter vice, or virtue blame;
Nor chang'd to please, but pleas'd because the same;
The same by friends caress'd, by foes withstood,
Still unaffected, cheerful, mild, and good.

Behold one Pagan, drawn in colors faint,
Outshine ten thousand monks, though each a saint!

Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view,
And learn to try false merit by the true.
We see, when reason stagnates in the brain,
The dregs of fancy cloud its purest vein;
But circulation betwixt mind and mind
Extends its course, and renders it refin'd.
When warm with youth we tread the flow'ry way,
All nature charms, and every scene looks gay;
Each object gratifies each sense in turn,
Whilst now for rattles, now for nymphs we burn;
Enslav'd by friendship's or by love's soft smile,
We ne'er suspect, because we mean no guile;
Till, flush'd with hope from views of past success,
We lay on some main trifle all our stress;
When lo! the mistress or the friend betrays,
And the whole fancied cheat of life displays:
Stun'd with an ill that from ourselves arose;
For instinct rul'd, when reason should have chose:
We fly for comfort to some lonely scene,
Victims henceforth of dirt, and drink, and spleen,
But let no obstacles that cross our views,
Pervert our talents from their destin'd use;
For, as upon life's hill we upwards press,
Our views will be obstructed less and less.
Be all false delicacy far away,
Lest it from nature lead us quite astray;

And for th' imagin'd vice of human race,
Destroy our virtue, or our parts debase;
Since God with reason joins to make us own,
That 'tis not good for man to be alone.

END OF EPISTLES
SATIRICAL AND PRECEPTIVE.

NOTES

ON

EPISTLES

SATIRICAL AND PRECEPTIVE.

EPISTLE I.

CONTENTS OF PART I.

Page 1. *Of the end and efficacy of Satire.* The love of glory and fear of shame universal. This passion, implanted in man as a spur to virtue, is generally perverted; and thus becomes the occasion of the greatest follies, vices, and miseries. It is the work of *Satire* to rectify this passion, to reduce it to its proper channel, and to convert it into an incentive to wisdom and virtue. Hence it appears that *Satire* may influence those who defy all laws human and divine. An objection answered.

4. *Dauntless pursues the path* Spinoza *trod*;] Benedict de Spinoza, son of a Portuguese Jew settled at Amsterdam, was born in 1633, and commenced philosopher very early in life. His great atheistical principle was, That there is nothing properly and absolutely existing, but matter and the modifications of

matter; among which are even comprehended thoughts, abstract and general ideas, comparisons, relations, combinations of relations, &c. He died in 1677.

4. *To man a* coward, *and a* brave *to God.*]

Vois-tu ce libertin en public intrépide,
Qui prêche contre un Dieu que dans son ame il croit?
Il iroit embrasser la vérité qu'il voit:
Mais de ses faux amis il craint la raillerie,
Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par poltronnerie.

BOILEAU, Ep. 3.

5. *Like the arm'd* Bee, *with art most subtly true*
From pois'nous vice she draws a healing dew:]
Alluding to these lines of Mr. *Pope*:

In the nice bee what art so subtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts a healing dew.

7. *Ev'n* Allen's *bounteous hand,*———] Ralph Allen, Esquire, of Prior Park, near Bath. He died 29th of June, 1764, aged 72.

ibid. Folly the Laureat's———] Colley Cibber.

ibid. ———*Vice was* Chartres' boast;] The infamous Colonel Chartres.

CONTENTS OF PART II.

P. 8. *Rules for the conduct of Satire.* Justice and truth its chief and essential property. Prudence in the application of wit, and ridicule, whose province is, not

to *explore* unknown, but to *enforce* known truths. Proper subjects of *Satire* are the manners of present times. Decency of expression recommended. The different methods in which folly and vice ought to be chastised. The variety of style and manner which these two subjects require. The praise of virtue may be admitted with propriety. Caution with regard to panegyric. The dignity of *true Satire*.

9. *Lo,* Shaftsb'ry *rears her high on Reason's throne,*] It were to be wished that Lord *Shaftsbury* had expressed himself with greater precision on this subject: however, thus much may be affirmed with truth.

1st. By the general tenor of his essays on "Enthusiasm, and the Freedom of Wit and Humor," it appears that his principal design was to recommend the way of ridicule, (as he calls it) for the investigation of truth, and detection of falsehood, not only in moral but religious subjects.

2dly, It appears no less evident, that, in the course of his reasonings on this question, he confounds two things which are in their nature and consequences entirely different. These are ridicule and good-humor: the latter acknowledged by all to be the best mediator in every debate; the former no less regarded by most, as an embroiler and incendiary. Though he sets out with a formal profession of proving the efficacy of wit, humor, and ridicule, in the investigation of truth, yet by shifting and mixing his terms, he generally slides insensibly into mere enconiums on good-breeding,

chearfulness, urbanity, and free enquiry. This indeed keeps something like an argument on foot, and amuses the superficial reader; but to a more observant eye discovers a very contemptible defect, either of sincerity or penetration.

The question concerning ridicule may be thus not improperly stated, Whether doubtful propositions of any kind can be determined by the application of ridicule? Much might be said on this question; but a few words will make the matter clear to an unprejudiced mind.

The disapprobation or contempt which certain objects raise in the mind of man, is a particular mode of passion. The objects of this passion are, *apparent* falsehood, incongruity, or impropriety of some particular kinds. Thus, the object of *fear* is *apparent* danger: the object of *anger* is *apparent* injury. But who hath ever dreamed of exalting the passions of fear and anger into a standard or test of real danger and injury? The design must have been rejected as absurd, because it is the work of reason only, to correct and fix the passions on their proper objects. The case is parrallel: apparent or seeming falsehoods, &c. are the objects of contempt; but it is the work of reason only to determine whether the supposed falsehood be real or fictitious. But it is said, "The sense of ridicule can never be mistaken."——Why, no more can the sense of danger, or the sense of injury.——"What, do men never fear or resent without reason?"——Yes, very

commonly: but they as often despise and laugh without reason. Thus before any thing can be determined in either case, reason, and reason only, must examine circumstances, separate ideas, decide upon, restrain, and correct the passion.

Hence it follows, that the way of ridicule, of late so much celebrated, is in fact no more than a species of eloquence; and that too the lowest of all others: so Tully justly calls it, "tenuissimus ingenii fructus." It applies to a passsion, and therefore can go no farther in the investigation of truth, than any of those arts which tend to raise love, pity, terror, rage, or hatred in the heart of man. Consequently, his Lordship might have transplanted the whole system of rhetoric into his new scheme, with the same propriety as he hath introduced the way of ridicule itself. A hopeful project this for the propagation of truth!

As this seems to be the real nature of ridicule, it hath been generally discouraged by philosophers and divines, together with every other mode of eloquence, when applied to controverted opinions. This discouragement, from what is said above, appears to have been rational and just: therefore the charge laid against divines, with regard to this affair by a zealous Admirer of Lord Shaftsbury (see a note on the "Pleasures of Imagination," Book III.) seems entirely groundless. The distinction which the same Author hath attempted with respect to the influence of ridicule, between speculative and moral truths, seems no better founded.

It is certain that opinions are not less liable to ridicule than actions. And it is no less certain, that the way of ridicule cannot determine the propriety or impropriety of the one, more than the truth or falsehood of the other; because the same passion of contempt is equally engaged in both cases, and therefore, as above, reason only can examine the circumstances of the action or opinion, and thus fix the passion on its proper objects.

Upon the whole, this new design of discovering truth by the vague and unsteady light of ridicule, puts one in mind of the honest Irishman, who applied his candle to the sun dial in order to see how the night went.

10. *And coxcombs vanquish* Berkley *by a grin.*]
Bishop Berkley.

CONTENTS OF PART III.

Page 14. The history of Satire. Roman Satirists, *Lucilius, Horace, Persius, Juvenal,* &c. Causes of the decay of literature, particularly of Satire. Revival of Satire. Erasmus one of its principal restorers. Donne. The abuses of Satire in England, during the licentious reign of Charles II. *Dryden.* The true ends of Satire pursued by *Boileau* in France; and by Mr. *Pope* in England.

ibid. —Sparta *felt the fierce Iambic dart.*]

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo. HOR.

15. *The flaming faulchion rough* Lucilius *drew* ;]

Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa. JUV.

ibid. Then sportive Horace *caught the generous fire*,]

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum praecordia, ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso. PERS.

EPISTLE II.

Page 22. DOCTOR JOHNSON acquired uncommon reputation by his writings in general, but to none of his many productions is praise more due, than to this imitation of the *tenth* Satire of Juvenal.

ibid. Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru, &c.]

See the original from Verse 1—11

23. *But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,*
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold, &c.

Ver. 12— 22.

24. *Yet still one general cry the skies assails,*
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales, &c.

Ver. 23—27.

ibid. Once more Democritus, *arise on earth*, &c.]

Ver. 28—55.

25. *Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,*
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;]

Ver. 56—107.

27. *What gave great* Villiers *to th' assassin's knife,*
And fix'd disease on Harley's *closing life?*
What murder'd Wentworth, *and what exil'd*
Hyde,] Ver. 108—113.

George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, stabbed by Felton.——Edward Harley, the first earl of Oxford. ——Thomas Wentworth, earl of Stafford, beheaded 10th May, 1641.——Edward Hyde, lord Clarendon, lord chancellor of England.

ibid. When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame:]
Ver. 114—132.

ibid. And Bacon's *mansion trembles o'er his head.*]
"There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it."

28. *Hear* Lydiat's *life, and* Galileo's *end.*] "A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College, Oxford, and rector of Okerton, near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin treatise, De Natura Coeli, in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle; not bearing to hear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, and the King's Bench, until Bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him by paying his debts. He pe-

titioned king Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia to procure Manuscripts. Having spoken in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory, and afterwards had not a shirt to shift him in three months, unless he borrowed it. He died very poor in 1646 ——" Galileo, the inventor of the telescope, born Feb. 19, 1564, and died Jan. 8, 1642, N. S. For asserting the truth of the Copernican system he was persecuted by the Jesuits, and confined some years in the Inquisition. By unremitted attention to astronomical pursuits, he impaired his eyesight, and passed the three concluding years of his life in a state of total blindness."

28. *The festal blazes*, &c.] Ver. 133—146.

29. *On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,*
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles *decide* ;]
Ver. 147—167.——Charles the XIIth of Sweden.

ibid. Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's *day* :]" The battle of Pultowa so fatal to the ambition of Charles the XIIth, was fought 29th June, 1709. From that time to November 1714 the Swedish hero remained in the Turkish dominions an exile from his country, while his enemies, taking advantage of his absence, possessed themselves of so much of his kingdom as they had any pretensions to claim."

30. *His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,*
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand :] He was hot at the siege of Frederickshall, Dec. 1st, 1718.

30. *All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,*]
Ver. 168—187.

31. *The bold Bavarian in a luckless hour,*
Tries the dread summit of Caesarean pow'r,]
" On the death of Charles VI. emperor of Germany, which happened the 20th of October, 1740, the elector of Bavaria aspired to the Imperial diadem, and procured himself to be elected and crowned. His reign was however short and unsuccessful. The late Empress, supported by her allies, overcame every attempt to establish him on the throne; and in 1745 he died, as is supposed, of a broken heart."

ibid. Enlarge my life with multitude of days,]
Ver. 188—288.

33. *From* Marlb'rough's *eyes the streams of dotage flow,*] The celebrated Duke.

ibid. The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:]
Ver. 289—345.

ibid. —Vane *could tell what ills from beauty spring;*]
The late Lady, whose memoirs, written by herself, are inserted in *Peregrine Pickle*.

ibid. And Sedley *curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.*] The countess of Dorchester, mistress to king James II. was the daughter of Sir Charles Sedley.

34. *Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?*
Ver. 346—366.

EPISTLE III.

Page 36, As the last was an imitation of the *tenth*, so is this of the *third* Satire of the same Poet.

ibid. Though grief and fondness in my breast rebel, &c.]

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici ;
Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem sigere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllae.

ibid. For who would leave, unbrib'd Hibernia's land,]

------Ego vel Prochytam praepono Suburrae :
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, ac mille pericula saevae
Urbis, et Augusto recitantes mense poetas ?

37. *While* Thales *waits the wherry that contains Of dissipated wealth the small remains,* &c]

Sed dum tota domus rheda componitur una,
Substitit ad veteres arcus--------

ibid. ————*the seat that gave* Eliza *birth,*]
Queen Elizabeth was born at Greenwich.

ibid. Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days, Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise ;

Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in Urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras

Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Daedalus exuit alas,
Dum nova canities------

38. *While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,*
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins ;]

----------et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

ibid. *Let * live here, for * has learn'd to live.*
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;]

Cedamus patria; vivant Arturius istic.
Et Catulus; maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt.

ibid. *Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,* &c.]

Queis facile est aedem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver.------
Munera nunc edunt.

39. *But what, my Friend, what hope remains for me,*
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?)

Quid Romae faciam? mentiri nescio; librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere.------

ibid. *Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,*
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;]

------Ferre ad nuptam, quae mittit adulter,
Quae mandat, norint alii; mi nemo ministro
Fur erit; atque ideo nulli comes exeo.------

39. *For what but social guilt the friend endears?*]

Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius ?--------
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest.---------

ibid. *But thou, should tempting villany present,*]

------Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno careas--------

ibid. ——————Villiers *spent,*] George Villiers, the witty and profligate Duke of Buckingham.

ibid. *The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see ;*]

Quae nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos praecipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

40. *I cannot bear a French metropolis.*]

----------Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Graecam urbem.--------

ibid. *Illustrious* Edward ! *from the realms of day,*
The land of heroes and of saints survey, &c.]

Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

ibid. *Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,*
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.]

Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus.---------

40. *They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap*;]

Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magnus: omnia novit
Graeculus esuriens: in coelum, jusseris, ibit.

ibid. *Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,*
I drew the breath of life in English air;]

Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia coelum
Hausit Aventini?----------

41. *Studious to please, and ready to submit,*
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:]

Quid? quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?

ibid. *These arts in vain our rugged natives try,*]

Haec eadem licet et nobis laudare; sed illis
Creditur.----------

ibid. *Well may they venture on the mimic's art,*
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;[

Natio comoeda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur: &c.

ibid. *How, when competitors like these contend,*
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?

Non sumus ergo pares: melior qui semper, et omni
Nocte dieque, potest alienum sumere vultum;
A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit, amicus.

42. *Explore your secrets with insidious art,*]

Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

ibid. By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.]
---------Materiam praebet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem, si foeda et scissa lacerna, &c.

ibid. Of all the griefs that harrass the distress'd;
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;

Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.------

ibid. Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore?

----------Agmine facto
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

43. *Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd, &c.*]

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi: sed Romae durior illis
Conatus.----------
----------Omnia Romae
Cum pretio----------
Cogimur, et cultis augere peculia servis.

ibid. Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?

----------Ultimus autem
Aerumnae cumulus, quod nudum et frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

43. *Should heaven's just bolts* Orgilio's *wealth confound,*

Si magna Arturi cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres----------

44. *With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band*
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.]

--------Jam accurrit qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas. Hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti.----------

ibid. Orgilio *sees the golden pile aspire,*]

----------Meliora et plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus.--------

ibid. Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;]

Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Sorae
Aut Fabrateriae domus aut Frusione paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic----------
Vive bidentis amans, et culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoraeis.

ibid. Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.]

------Possis ignavus haberi,
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad coenam si
Intestatus eas.----------

45. *Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,*
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;]

Ebrius ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat poenas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidae----------

ibid. Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way ;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach.

----------Sed quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina laena
Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo ;
Multum praeterea ffammarum, et ahenea lampas.

ibid. In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose :

Nec tamen haec tantum metuas : nam qui spoliet te
Non deerit, clausis domibus, &c.

ibid. Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.]

Maximus in vinculis ferri modus, ut timeas ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marrae et sarcula desint.

45. *A single jail, in* Alfred's *golden reign,*
Could half the nation's criminals contain ;]

Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Saecula, quae quondam sub Regibus atque Tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

46. *Much could I add, but see the boat at hand,*]

His alias poteram, et plures subnectere causas:
Sed jumenta vocant.--------

ibid. Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,]

Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent, &c.]

-------Ergo vale nostri memor, et quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem vestramque Dianam
Convelle a Cumis: satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

EPISTLE IV.

Page 49. *Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining task,*
In mystic pageantries, and moral masque.]

It was a fashionable practice among our ancient nobility and gentry, of both sexes, to perform personally in entertainments of this kind. Milton's Comus was thus exhibited at Ludlow-Castle, in the year 1631.

50. *Not more fantastic* Sancho's *airy course,*
When madly mounted on the magic horse,]

Clavilenio. See Don Quixote, b. ii. c. 41.

50. *Lo there thy triumphs*, Taaffe! *thy palms*, Portmore!] Theobald Taaffe, Esq. of Edswoth in Hampshire, and the Earl of Portmore, both celebrated on the turf of Newmarket.

52. Heber, *thy chronicles alone peruse.*] Author of "An historical List of the Running-horses," &c.

53. *How would a virtuous* Houyhnhnm *neigh disdain,*
To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein;]
Vide Gulliver's Travels, Voyage to the Houyhnhnms.
ibid. And, robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,]
A Copy in the Harleian Library, reads *Horse-hood.*

54. *There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,*
Shrink at her fated Hero's flashing spear.]

LEONIDAS.

EPISTLE V.

Page 57. ——————*nor* HULSE.] Sir Edward Hulse, M. D.

58. *Thus* Hammon's *spring by day feels icy-cool,*
At night is hot as hell's sulphureous pool.]

Est apud Hammonis fanum fons luce diurna
Frigidus, aut calidus nocturno tempore fertur. LUCRET.

The Fountain here mentioned is thus described by *Pliny*: In Dodone Jovis fons cum sit gelidus, et immersas faces extinguat; si extinctae admoveantur,

accendit. Idem meridie semper deficit: qua de causa ανατωαυομενον vocant. Mox increscens ad medium noctis exuberat.———

60. ——*Mary's mobs*,———] Mary Queen of Scots' mobs, much worn by the ladies.

61. *And hide their lovely locks with heads of rams*;] *Tête de Mouton*, literally translated.

62. *The hungry* Tartar *rides upon his meat,*

To cook the dainty flesh with buttocks' heat, &c.]

The following facts are taken from the accounts of different counties.

EPISTLE VI.

Page 64. The Author of this Epistle was of Christ Church, Oxford; where he took the degree of M. A. in the year 1720, and having been some time Vicar of Starting, in Sussex, died in March 1744.

66. *The Boghouse-Miscellany*———] An infamous publication under this title.

ibid. So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sate,

While Bradshaw *bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.*]

Bradshaw, president at the trial of Charles I.

67. ——————Ophelia's life, &c.] Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress.

ibid. By prebends bury'd———] She was buried in Westminster Abbey by Dr. Barker, the senior prebendary then in residence.

67. *T' improve in morals Mandevil I read,*
And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.]

Mandevil wrote "*The Fable of the Bees,*" &c. Tyndal was author of "*Christianity as old as the Creation.*"

ibid. *As* Pasaran *directs I'd end my life,*
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.]

Author of a book called *A Philosophical Discourse on Death*; being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts; on which the following story used to be told:—Amongst his pupils, to whom he read in moral philosophy, there was, it seems, a noted gamester, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill-luck, came one morning early into the philosopher's bed-chamber with two loaded pistols, and, as Englishmen do not understand raillery, in a case of this nature, told the Piedmontese, on presenting him with one of his pistols, that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice; that as to himself, having lost his last stake, he was become an useless member in society, and so was resolved to quit his station; and that as to him, his guide, philosopher, and friend, surrounded with miseries, the out-cast of government, and the sport even of that chance which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company. All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnnity, that the Italian found him-

self under a necessity to cry out murder; which brought in company to his relief. This unhappy man at last died a penitent.——But though Pasaran wanted spirit to act in conformity to his own principles, yet a book-binder and his wife shewed more resolution. Being involved in debt, they came to the horrid determination of destroying their child, and then putting an end to their own existence. They left a paper behind them, justifying the action by some reasonings of the above author, and others of the same kind. The names of this miserable pair were Richard and Bridget Smith, and the event happened in the year 1732. See "Warburton's Notes on Pope."

68. *Knows more than* Budgel *writes,*——] Eustace Budgel, Esq. who was nearly related to Mr. Addison, and one of the writers in the Spectator, put an end to his life, by throwing himself from a boat into the Thames, after having filled his pocket with stones, to prevent his rising in the water.

ibid. ——————*or* Roberts prints.] James Roberts was a considerable publisher.

69. *Pots o'er the door I'll place like Cits' balconies,*

Which Bentley calls the Gardens of Adonis.] See a Note in *Paradise Lost*, book ix, ver. 439, in the Doctor's edition of MILTON.

ibid. In spite of Addison, &c.——————] See Spectator, No. 26.

70. *Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.*] Sir Andrew Fountain, who was eminent for his skill as

an antiquary, and his taste as a collector. Many articles, however, of considerable value perished in the fire by which his lodgings in the Strand were consumed. This Gentleman having been tutor to the Duke of Cumberland, was rewarded with the wardenship of the Mint.—The remains of his collection are preserved at Narford, his residence in Norfolk.

70. *To Bononcini's music I adhere*;] About the year 1723, the Cognoscenti were at variance concerning the respective merits of Handel and Bononcini; and after the contest had been carried on, even amongst the nobility, with much violence, it was at length decided by a trial of skill, each performer agreeing to compose an act of *Muzio Scaevola*. The decision was general in favour of HANDEL.

71. *Eager in throngs the town to* Esther *came*] Esther, one of the first of Handel's oratorios, was performed about the year 1729 or 1730.

ibid. Thou, Heidegger! *the English Taste hast found*,] *Jean Jacques Heidegger*, by birth a Swiss, was many years manager at the Opera house, and the introducer of masquerades.

73. Deard's *bill for baubles shall to thousands mount*,] Mr. Deard, the noted toyman.

ibid. I'd send for Misaubin, and take his pill,] Misaubin was a celebrated quack, though member of the College of Physicians.

74. *Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead*:] The most considerable Physicians of the time.

EPISTLE VII.

Page 76. To this Epistle the Advertisement subjoined was prefixed by the Author:

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following lines were occasioned by the Author's having lately studied, with infinite attention, several fashionable productions in the Sentimental stile; in most of which, a misapplication, not a defect, of talents seems to have betrayed their Authors into some degree of false taste. For example—A noble Author, who has given most decisive proofs of talent and judgment, by his Ode on the death of Mr. Gray, and his Translation of Dante; has lately thought fit to publish two Odes on the death of——his Lordship's Spaniel.

But the reigning fashion in modern poesy is Sentimental Panegyric on Married Beauties. This appears in a thousand various Shapes; from Bouts Rhimeès on the wou'd be Sappho of Bath, up to Doggerel Epistles to the lovely Amoret.

In attempting to ridicule this modish folly, it is scarcely necessary to apologize to the several Personages of the Sentimental train, for introducing their names. When a Poet announces himself, and publicly wears his laurels, he is lawful game for the Critics; whether his works come from the Press

or, according to Sir Benjamin Backbite's system, "*circulate in Manuscript.*" Besides, to canvass the slighter imperfections, either of stile or of conduct, seems to be the limit of poetical censure. It is only the desperate Satyrist, whose invenomed pen strikes at the character and honor of Individuals, that perverts and disgraces Poetry.—Such aspersions, if well founded, are too gross for the tribunal of the Muses; and if, (as is generally the case) they are utterly false, they recoil not only on the Author, but on the very art itself, which can so easily be perverted to so bad a purpose.—But who can be hurt by a Critique on his Charades and Rebusses?—An imputation of false Taste may not be very pleasant, but it never can seriously offend men of sense and good-breeding: both which qualities, as the Author agrees with all the world in acknowledging his Personages to possess in the highest degree, so he requests that not only they, but the few others who may happen to read his Poem, will acquit him of any intention to give the slightest offence.

80. *Yet, yet, I tremble at the name of* Clare.] Afterward Earl Nugent.—Whoever has read his Lordship's verses, presented to her Majesty, with a gift of *Irish Poplin*, and that too, on a *New Year's Day*, will not wonder at the jealousy and apprehension the Laureat expresses of so formidable a rival.—The recollection of the Poplin leads to a digression, in the Pindaric stile of all Laureats, on the fatal consequences that

might follow from establishing Lord Clare's method of tacking a present to every Poem—But the Laureat recovers his spirits, by thinking of the last production of his own Muse—*the Goat's Beard*—spun from ten lines of Phaedrus, to Four Hundred of Whitehead.

EPISTLE VIII.

Notes by the Author.

Page 36. Readers of the present generation are so very inattentive to what they read, that it is probable one half of Sir William's may have forgotten the principles which his book inculcates. Let these, then, be reminded, that it is the author's profest aim, in extolling the taste of the Chinese, to condemn that mean and paltry manner which Kent introduced, which, Southcote, Hamilton, and Brown followed, and which, to our national disgrace, is called the English stile of gardening. He shews the poverty of this taste, by aptly comparing it to a dinner, which consisted of three gross pieces, three times repeated; and proves to a demonstration, that Nature herself is incapable of pleasing, without the assistance of Art, and that too of the most luxuriant kind. In short, such art as is displayed in the Emperor's garden of Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin, where fine lizards, and fine women, human giants, and giant-baboons, make but a small part of the superb scenery. He teaches us,

that a perfect garden must contain within itself all the amusements of a great city; that URBS IN RURE, not RUS IN URBE, is the thing, which an improver of taste ought to aim at. He says—but it is impossible to abridge all that he says:—Let this therefore suffice to tempt the reader again to peruse his invaluable Dissertation, since without it, he will never relish half the beauties of the following epistle; for (if her Majesty's zebra and the powder-mills at Hounslow be excepted) there is scarce a single image in it, which is not taken from that work.

But though the images be borrowed, the author claims some small merit from the application of them. Sir William says too modestly, "that European artists must not hope to rival Oriental splendor." The poet shews, that European artists may easily rival it; and, that Richmond gardens, with only the addition of a new bridge to join them to Brentford, may be new modelled, perfectly, "à la Chinois." He exhorts his Knight to undertake the glorious task, and leaves no cause to doubt, but that, under the auspicious patronage he now so justly enjoys, added to the READY vote of those who furnish ways and means, the royal work will speedily be compleated.

86. Cynosure *of British taste.*] Cynosure, an affected phrase. Cynosura is the constellation of Ursa Minor, or the lesser Bear, the next star to the Pole. Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.

ibid. With scenes of Yven-Ming.] One of the Imperial gardens at Pekin. (Sayings of Li-Tsong.) "Many

trees, shrubs, and flowers," sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, " thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil: but others will grow on clay, in sandy, or even upon rocks; and in the water: to some a sunny exposition is necessary; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but, in general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants; and consequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

87. ——————*Truth at Court.*] Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned received a considerable pension in the time of Lord Bute's administration.

88. *For what is nature?*] This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which the oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile, are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. " NATURE (says the Chinese, or Sir William for them) affords us but few materials to work

with. Plants, ground, and water, are her only productions; and, though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet have they but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of "changes rung upon bells," which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of jingling; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived:" "ART must therefore supply the scantiness of Nature," &c. &c. &c. page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, "like the honest Bachelor's feast," which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; "Three legs of mutton and turnips, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-pies." Preface, p. 7.

88 *No! let* Barbaric *glories.*——] So Milton.

"Where the gorgeous east with richest hand
"Showers on her Kings BARBARIC pearl and gold."

89. *Monkies shall climb our trees.*] "In their lofty woods, serpents and lizards, of many beautiful sorts, crawl upon the ground. Innumerable monkies, cats, and parrots clamber upon the trees." Page 40. "In their lakes are many islands, some small, some large, amongst which are often seen stalking along, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant-baboon." Page 66. "They keep in their enchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles, and animals, which are tamed by art,

and guarded by enormous dogs of Tibet and African giants, in the habit of magicians." Page 42. "Sometimes in this romantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbors of jessamine, vine, and roses; where beauteous Tartarean damsels, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich vines, &c. and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement, on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusathkin down." Page 40.

89. *Thy gibbets, Bagshot!*——] "Their scenes of terror are composed of gloomy woods, &c. GIBBETS, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture, are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, founderies, lime-kilns, and glassworks, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of Volcanoes." Page 37. "Here the passenger from time to time is surprized with repeated shocks of electrical impulse; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air," &c. &c. Now to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of volcanoes and earthquakes, we have here substituted the ocsasional explosion of a powder-mill, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of lime-kilns and electrical machines, and imitate thunder and the explosion of cannon into the bargain. Page 40.

89. *Here too, O King of Vengeance, &c.*] " In the most dismal recesses of the w. o ls, are temples dedicated to the King of Vengeance, near which are placed pillars of stone, with " pathetic descriptions of tragical events;" and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by outlaws and robbers." Page 37.

ibid. Tremendous Wilkes.] This was written while Mr. Wilkes was Sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.

ibid. Where shall our mimic London, &c.] " There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin, a fortified town, with its ports, streets, public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of justice; in short, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a smaller scale."

" In this town the Emperors of China, who are too much the slaves of their greatness to appear in public, and their women, who are excluded from it by custom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capital, which is there represented, several times in the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

90. *Of marble arches.*] See Sir William's enormous account of Chinese bridges, too long to be here inserted. Page 53.

ibid. Stout Talbot, &c.] " Some of these eunuchs personate porters." Page 32.

ibid. And Patriot Betty.] " Fruits, and all sorts

of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city." Page 33.

90. *Lo brazen tears*, &c.]

"Drew IRON tears down Pluto's cheek." MILTON.

ibid. *See* Jemmy Twitcher *shambles*.] "Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers, forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a great number of the most dexterous eunuchs." Ibid.

ibid. *Let* Barrington————] "The watch seizes on the culprit." Page 33.

ibid. *And* Mansfield, *&c.*] "He is conveyed before the judges, and sometimes severely bastinadoed." Ibid.

91. *But hark*, &c.] "Quarrels happen—battles ensue." Ibid.

ibid. *Circumcise* Charles Fox] "Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons." Ibid.

ibid. *And all the Maids of Honor*, &c.] "This is done to divert his Imperial Majesty, and the ladies of his train." Ibid.

EPISTLE IX.

Notes by the Author.

Page 92. *I that of late.*]

Ille ego qui quondam, &c.

VIRGIL, *or somebody for him.*

92. *Works of taste.*] Put synonimously for his Majesty's works. See Sir William's title page.

93. ——————*Cadogan's part*;] Master of the Mint.

ibid. And find him wanting.——————] "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." Daniel, chap. 8. ver. 27.

ibid. ——————*a King of Prose.*] Kien-Long, the present Emperor of China, is a poet. M. de Voltaire did him the honor to treat him as a brother above two years ago; and my late patron, Sir William Chambers, has given a fine and most intelligible prose version of an ode of his Majesty upon tea, in his postscript to his Dissertation. I am, however, vain enough to think that the Emperor's composition would have appeared still better in my heroic verse; but Sir William forestalled it; on which account I have entirely broke with him.

ibid. That solemn vein of irony.——] "A fine vein of solemn irony runs through this piece." See Monthly Review, under the article of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

ibid. There should he see.] A certain naval event happened just above two calendar months after the publication of the Heroic Epistle. 'Twas impossible, considering the necessary preparations, it could have been sooner. Facts are stubborn things.

94. *Nor, like Mac-Homer,*——————] See, if the reader thinks it worth while, a late translation of the Iliad.

94. *Like old young Fannius,*——] The noble personage here alluded to, being asked to read the Heroic Epistle, said, " No, it was as bad as blasphemy."

ibid. Fannius.] Before I sent the MS to the press, I discovered, that an accidental blot had made all but the first syllable of this name illegible. I was doubtful, therefore, whether to print it Fannius or Fannia. After much deliberation, I thought it best to use the masculine termination. If I have done wrong, I ask pardon, not only of the Author, but the Lady,

The EDITOR.

95. *And break the black asperity of fate.*]

------- ------- -------" Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris." VIRG.

EPISTLE X.

Page 97. *If to an human face Sir James should draw*] Sir James Thornhill, the painter.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris; aut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, Amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut aegri somnia, vanae
Fingenter species.-------- ------ --------
-------- -----Pictoribus atque Poetis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.
Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim:
Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia; non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

97. *Speakers profess'd, who gravity pretend,*
With motley sentiments their speeches blend, &c.]

Incoeptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus: cum lucus, et ara Dianae,
Et properantis aquae per amoenos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupre sum
Scis simulare. Quid hoc? si fractis enatat exspes
Navibus, aere dato qui pingitur? amphora coepit
Institui, currente rota cur urceus exit?
Denique sit quod vis, simplex dumtaxat et unum.

98. *Outsides deceive, 'tis hard the truth to know,* &c.]

Decipimur specie recti. Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio: sectantem laevia nervi
Deficiunt animique: professus grandia turget:
* * * * * *
Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,
Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpae fuga, si caret arte.
Aemilium circa ludum faber unus et ungues
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur aere capillos:
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
Non magis esse velim, quem pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.

99. *Nay, I would sooner have thy phyz, I swear,*
Surintendant des plaisirs d' Angleterre.]

Heydegger was remarkably ugly.—All his letters from abroad were directed: *A Monsieur, Monsieur Heydegger, surintendant des plaisirs d' Angleterre.*

ibid. Ye Weekly Writers of seditious news,
Take care your subjects artfully to choose, &c.]

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aequam
Viribus, et versate diu quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis haec virtus erit et venus (aut ego fallor)
Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici,
Pleraque differat, et praesens in tempus omittat.
* * * * * *
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si forte necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter;
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Graeco fonte cadant.---

ibid. Tell this, sink that, arrive at Ridpath's *praise,*
Let Abel Roper *your ambition raise.*] George Ridpath was a political writer in the reign of Queen Anne, and had for his opponent Abel Roper. One managed a paper called *The Flying Post*, the other the *Post Boy*. Both were equally dull, scandalous, and abusive. The fate of these worthies was uniform;

for they were frequently cudgelled, prosecuted, and imprisoned; and died both in a day.

99. *If you can quibble on* Sir Robert's *name.*] Sir Robert Walpole.

ibid. Like South-sea stock, expressions rise and fall:]

----------Licuit, semperque licebit
Signatum praesente nota producere nomen.
Ut silvae foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit aetas.
* * * * * *
Debemur morti nos nostraque, sive receptus
Terra Neptunus, classes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus, sterilisve palus prius, aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum;
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius. Mortalia facta peribunt;
Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quae jam cecidere, cadentque
Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.

ibid. Caesar *and* Pinkethman————] William Pinkethman, the puppet-show man.

100. *To screen good ministers from public rage,* &c.

Res gestae regumque ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possint numero, monstravit Homerus.
Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.

100. *But who puts* Caleb's *Country-Craftsman out,*
Is still a secret, and the world's in doubt.] Caleb Danvers was the pretended name of the Author of the Craftsman.

ibid. *Not long since parish-clerks, with saucy airs,*
Apply'd king David's psalms to state affairs.]

Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.

101. *If full across the Speaker's chair I go,*
Can I be said the rules o' th' House to know?]

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores
Cur ego si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?
Cur nescere, pudens prave, quam discere malo?

ibid. *In acts of Parliament avoid sublime,* &c.]

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non volt:
Indignatur item privatis ac prope socco
Dignis carminibus narrari coena Thyestae.
* * * * * *
Interdum tamen et vocem Comoedia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.
Telephus et Peleus; cum pauper et exsul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.

101. *Soft words suit best petitioners' intent;*
Soft words, O ye petitioners of Kent!] The petition here alluded to was presented in 1701, and

contained a censure on the House of Commons, for not enabling King William to prosecute the war. The House resenting the insult offered them by the petitioners, committed the five deputies to the Gate-house.

ibid. *Whoe'er harangues before he gives his vote,*
Should send sweet language from a tuneful throat.]

Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata: dulcia sunto,
* * * * * *
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani voltus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia laedent,
Telephe vel Peleu, male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

ibid. Pultney *the coldest breast with zeal can fire,*]
Afterward Earl of Bath.

ibid. *Can men their inward faculties control?*

Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: &c.
* * * * * *
Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.
* * * * * *
----------Tristia maestum
Voltum verba decent: &c.
* * * * * *
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.

102. *For land, or trade, not the same notions fire*
The city-merchant, and the country-'squire;]

Intererit multum Davusne loquatur, an Heros:
* * * * * *
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;
Colchus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus an Argis.

ibid. To likelihood your characters confine:]

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor. Homereum si forte reponis Achillem;
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

ibid. Give Maidstone *wit, and elegance refin'd*;]

George Finch, afterward earl of Winchelsea.

ibid. To both the Pelhams *give the Scipio's mind*;]

Thomas, duke of Newcastle, and Henry, his brother.

ibid. To Cart'ret, *learning, eloquence, and parts*;]

John, lord Carteret; afterward earl Granville.

ibid. Sometimes fresh names in politics produce,]

Si quid inexpertum scenae committis, et audes
Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

ibid. To speak is free, no member is debarr'd;

Difficile est proprie communia dicere: tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
Publica materies privati juris erit, si

Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem,
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem referre pudor vetet aut operis lex.

103. *With art and modesty your part maintain*;
And talk like Col'nel Titus,———

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim,
"Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum."
* * * * * *
Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur inepte:
"Dic mihi Musa virum, captae post tempora Trojae,
"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."

ibid. ———————*not like* Lane.] Sir Richard, who represented Worcester.

ibid. But Titus *said, with his uncommon sense,*
When the exclusion-bill was in suspence, &c.]

Colonel Titus, in a debate on the Exclusion Bill, January 7, 1680, observed:—"If a lion was in the lobby, and we were to consider which way to secure ourselves from him, and conclude it is best to shut the door and keep him out," "No, says another, let us chain him, and let him come in, but I should be loth to put the chain on." Should the nomination of the judges, and all other preferments, be in your hands, what a kind of government would you have, without feet or claws? As such a king cannot hurt you, so he cannot protect you. It has been said by another, "Let us establish a good council about the king. But I never knew a king and his council of a different opinion. A wise king has, and also makes a

wise council, but a wise council does not always make a wise king," &c. *Grey's Debates.*

103. *Some mighty blusterers impeach with noise,*
And call their private cry, the public voice.]

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat----------

ibid. From folios of accounts they take their handles,
And the whole balance proves a pound of candles ;]

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?
Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

ibid. Some Rufus, some the Conqueror bring in,]

Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
* * * * * *
------ ------ -------- ---------- et quae
Desperat tractata nitescre posse, relinquit:
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

104. *If when you speak, you'd hear a needle fall, &c.*]

Tu, quid ego, et Populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulaea manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, " Vos plaudite," dicat ;
Aetatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et ennis.

ibid. When babes can speak, babes should be taught to say
King George the Second's health, huzza, huzza !]

Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas.

104. *Boys should learn Latin for* Prince William's *sake,*

And girls Louisa *their example make.*] The Duke of Cumberland—The youngest daughter of George the Second, afterward Queen of Denmark.

ibid. More loves the youth, just come to his estate,
To range the fields, than in the house debate;]

Imberbus juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus aeris,
Sublimis cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.

ibid. Than in Will Shippen, *or* Sir William Yonge:] These Orators were always in opposition to each other. The former was celebrated for the bluntness of his manners; the latter for his never failing promptitude and volubility of expression.

We take a different turn at twenty-six, &c.]

Conversis studiis, aetas animusque virilis
Quaerit opes et amicitias, inservit honori;
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

ibid. In bags the old man lets his treasure rust, &c.]

Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quod
Quaerit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti:
* * * * * *
Dilator, spe longus, iners, pavidusque futuri,

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, censor castigatorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt. Ne forte seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles;
Semper in adjunctis aevoque morabimur aptis.

105. *Now as to double, or to false returns,*
When pockets suffer, and when anger burns, &c.]

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quae
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.----------
* * * * * *
Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

106. *Those who would captivate the well-bred throng,*
Should not too often speak, nor speak too long :]

Neve minor neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quae posci volt, et spectata reponi.
Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

ibid. Nor make St. Stephen's chapel, Dover-court.]
Dover court is a proverbial term for a company, in which all are speakers and none hearers.

ibid. The speaker, when the Commons are assembled,
May to the Graecian Chorus be resembled ;]

Actoris partes Chorus officiumque virile
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,

Quod non proposito conducat et haereat apte;
Ille bonis faveatque, et consilietur amice,
Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapes laudet mensae brevis, ille salubrem
Justitiam, legesque et apertis otia portis:
Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur et oret,
Ut redeat miseris, abeat Fortuna superbis.

106. *To knights new chosen in old time would come*
The country trumpet, and perhaps a drum, &c.]

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalcho vincta, tubaeque
Aemula, sed tenuis simplexque foramine pauco,
Adspirare, et adesse choris erat utilis, &c.
* * * * * *
Postquam coepit agros extendere victor, et Urbem,
Latior amplecti murus, &c.
* * * * * *
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
* * * * * *
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praeceps;
Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

107. *When the Duke's Grand on for the county stood,*
His beef was fat, and his October good;

Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
* * * * * *
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eo quod
Illecebris erat et grata novitate morandus
Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus, et exlex.

107. *Election matters shun with cautious awe,*
O all ye judges learned in the law;]

Effutire leves indigna Tragoedia versus,
Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paullum pudibunda protervis.

ibid. Try not with jests obscene to force a smile,]

Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina solum
Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo:
Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,
Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur et audax.
Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum,
An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.

ibid. Nor lard your speech with mother Needham's *stile*;] A Bawd of great notoriety, whose constant prayer was, "that she might get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was far different; for being set in the pillory, she was so roughly handled by the mob, as to occasion her death.

108. *Others in vain a like success will boast,*
He speaks most easy, who has study'd most.]

----------Ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustraque laboret.

ibid. A Peer's pert Heir has to the commons spoke
A vile reflection, or a bawdy joke:]

Ne nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent ignominosaque dicta.

Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus et pater et res:
Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emtor,
Aequis accipiunt animis donantve corona.

108. *When James the First, at great Britannia's helm,*
Rul'd this word-clipping and word-coining realm, &c.]

At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros et
Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati: si modo ego et vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.]

ibid. *I know a farce from one of* Congreve's *plays,*
And Cibber's *opera from* Johnny Gay's.] "Love in a Riddle," intended to rival The Beggar's Opera.

ibid. *When pert* Defoe *his saucy papers writ,*
He from a cart was pillor'd for his wit:] The Author of the *True Born Englishman* and several other political tracts, as well as of *Robinson Crusoe*.

Ignotum Tragicae genus invenisse Camenae
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis
Qui canerent agerentque peruncti faecibus ora.
Post hunc personae, pellaeque repertor honestae
Aeschylus et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
Successit vetus his Comoedia, non sine multa
Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit et vim
Dignam lege regi. Lex est accepta, chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

109. *The* Censor *then improv'd the list'ning Isle*,] A Character assumed by Sir Richard Steele, who published *The Tatler* under the fictitious name of Isaac Bickerstaff.

ibid. *It must be own'd the journals try all ways*
To merit their respective party's praise :]

Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetae:
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Graeca
Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta;
* * * * * *
Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis
Quam lingua Latium, si non offenderet unum
Quemque Poetarum limae labor et mora.------

ibid. *There are who say, no man can be a wit,*
Unless for Newgate, or for Bedlam fit ;]

Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone Poetas
Democritus, bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam:----------
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poetae,
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonsori Licino commiserit. --------

110. *Alas poor me! you may my fortune guess* : &c.]

---------- O! ego laevus,
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam.
Non alius faceret meliora poemata: verum
Nil tanti est. Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quae ferrum valet exsors ipsa secandi.
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo:

Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque Poetam;
Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.

110. *A politician must (as I have read)*
Be furnish'd, in the first place, with a head:]

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.
Rem tibi Socraticae poterunt ostendere chartae:
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.
Qui didicit patriae quid debeat, et quid amicis;
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus et hospes;
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium; quae
Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profecto
Reddere personae scit convenientia cuique.

111. *Dramatic poets that expect the bays,*
Should cull our histories for party plays;]

Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et vivas hinc ducere voces.
* * * * * *
Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdius oblectat Populum, meliusque moratur
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canorae.

ibid. Wicquefort's *Embassador should fill their head,*]
A book entitled, "L'Ambassadeur et ses functions," written by Monsieur de Wicquefort, and translated by Mr. Digby.

ibid. *For what is* Dryden's *Muse, and* Otway's *plots,*
To the Earl of Essex *or the* Queen of Scots?]
Two plays by Banks, of which Mr. Reed has ob-

served, that although written in the most contemptible language, yet they never fail to melt the audience into tears, meerly by the force of judicious and well-arranged plots and incidents."

111. *'Tis said that queen Elizabeth could speak,*
At twelve years old, right Attic full-mouth'd
Greek ;]

Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui propter laudem nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
Uncia, quid superest? "Poterat dixisse, Triens. Eu!
Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis." An haec animos aerugo et cura peculi
Quum semel imbuerit, speremus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, et laevi servanda cupresso?

ibid. On tender subjects with discretion touch,
And never say too little or too much.]

Quidquid praecipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
[Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.]

112. *New stories always should with truth agree,*
Or truth's half-sister, probability :]

Ficta voluptatis caussa, sint proxima veris;
Nec quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi;
Neu pransae Lamiae vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

112. *Scarce could* Toft's *rabbits and pretended throes*
On half the honorable house impose.] Mary Tofts, of Godalmin in Surrey, pretended to have brought forth several rabbits, and imposed on the credulity of many persons of distinction.

ibid. When Cato speaks, young Shallow runs away,]
Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis,
Celsi praetereunt austera poemata Rhamnes:
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret aera liber Sosiis: hic et mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat aevum.

ibid. Bromley *and* Hanmer *cry aloud—to order.*] William Bromley, Esq. and Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. both Speakers.

ibid. Is there a man on earth so perfect found,
Who ne'er mistook a word in sense or sound?]
Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus:
* * * * * *
Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo?
Ut scriptor si peccet idem librarius usque,
Quamvis est monitus, venia caret; et Citharoedus
Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem;
Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Choerilus ille,
Quem bis terve bonum, cum risu miror: et idem
Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum operi in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

113. *And stare if* Wyndham *should be nodding caught.*] Sir William Wyndham, chancellor of the exchequer under Queen Anne, "made," says Mr. Pope, "early a considerable figure, but afterwards a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper."

ibid. Not unlike paintings, principles appear,
Some best at distance, some when we are near.]

Ut pictura Poesis erit: quae, si proprius stes,
Te capiat magis, et quaedam, si longius abstes.
Haec amat obscurum, volet haec sub luce videri,
* * * * * *
Haec placuit semel, haec decies repetita placebit.

ibid. Whoe'er you are that have a seat secure, &c.]

O major juvenum----------
----------hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi.----------
* * * * * *
----------Mediocribus esse Poetis
Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnae.
* * * * * *
Sic animis natum inventumque Poema juvandis,
Si paullum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

114. *In all professions, time and pains give skill;*]

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis;
Indoctusque pilae discive trochive quiescit,

Ne spissae risum tollant impune coronae.
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quidni?
Liber et ingenuus, praesertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
* * * * * *
Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti.

114. *The wrong'd to help, the lawless to restrain,*
Thrice every year in ancient Egbert's reign,
The members to the Mitchelgemot *went,*
In after-ages called the Parliament;]

Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum
Caedibus et victu foedo deterruit Orpheus.
* * * * * *
----------Fuit haec sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago; dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno.
* * * * * *
----------Dictae per carmina sortes,
Et vitae monstrata via est, et gratia Regum
Pieriis tentata modis, ludusque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis, ne forte pudori
Si tibi Musa lyrae solers, et cantor Apollo.

115. *Some doubt which to a seat has best pretence,*]

Natura fieret laudabile carmen an arte,
Quaesitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium: alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.

115. *A man of bus'ness won't till evening dine,* &c.]

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit;
Abstinuit venere et vino. ----------
* * * * * *
Nunc satis est dixi se, Ego mira poemata pango;
Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.

ibid. From Fig's *new theatre he'll miss a night,*] *Fig* was the great man of his day; or in other words, the *Humphries* and *Mendoza* in *one*.

ibid. The man that has both land and money too,
May wonders in a trading borough do: &c.]

Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poeta
Dives agris, dives positis in fenore nummis.
Si vero est unctum qui recte ponere possit,
Et spondere levi pro paupere, et eripere atris
Litibus implicitum; mirabor si sciet inter-
Noscere mendacem, verumque beatus amicum.
Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
Laetitiae: clamabit enim, " Pulchre! bene! recte!"
* * * * * *
----------si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

116. *Alderman* Pond, *a downright honest man,*]

Quinctilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc: melius te posse negares,

Bis terque expertum frustra: delere jubebat,
* * * * * *
Si defendere delictum, quam vertere malles;
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam sumebat inanem,
Quin sine ravali teque et tua solus amares.

116. *Leave you of mighty interest to brag,*
And poll two voices like Sir Robert Fag.] Sir R. Fag represented the borough of Steyning; 1734, but where, or when, the circumstance here referred to happened, we have not been able to discover.

ibid. Parliamenteering is a sort of itch,]
Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
* * * * * *
----------Dicam, Siculique Poetae
Narrabo interitum.----------
* * * * * *
Nec semel hoc fecit, nec si retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo, et ponet famosae mortis amorem.
* * * * * *
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus;
Quem vero arripuit, tenet occciditque legendo,
Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

EPISTLE XI.

Page 118. The Author of this Epistle was the only son of Edward Stillingfleet, a clergyman in Norfolk, and grandson to the Bishop of Worcester. He was educated at Norwich school, and leaving it in 1720, went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where Dr. Bentley, who had been private tutor to his father, was Master. After taking his batchelor's degree, he became a candidate for a fellowship: but,

through the influence of Dr. Bentley, was rejected. On this disappointment, he left Cambridge, and travelled with Mr. Wyndham, to whom he inscribed this Epistle, and with whom he lived in the most intimate and unreserved friendship. Through the favor of the late Lord Barrington, he was appointed master of the barracks at Kensington, a place which enabled him to pursue his studies, and particularly Natural History, his favorite, with success. He died a batchelor, in the year 1771, upwards of seventy, and was buried in St. James's church. Besides his "Tracts" and "Treatise on Music," several of his productions have been published; whilst others still remain in manuscript, which no less deserve to be known.

120. *When Maevius, spite of dulness, will be bright,*
And teach Argyll *to speak*————] John Duke of Argyll, who was equally celebrated as a statesman, a warrior, and an orator.

125. CLINIAS'*son*] Alcibiades.

129. So Ripley, *till his destin'd space is fill'd,*
Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build.]
"Ripley," says Pope, "was a carpenter, employ'd by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him Comptroller to the Board of Works." *Note to Moral Essays, Ep.* IV. l. 18.

130 *As good hear* Bentley *dictate on epistles,*] See Bentley on the Epistles of Phalaris.

130. *Or* Burman *comment on the Grecian whistles* ;] Peter Burman, a celebrated Dutch Commentator, whose laborious and minute investigations are too well known to be particularly specified.

135. *Nor imitate that resolute old fool,*
Who undertook to kick against his mule.]

Ctesipho.

136. *Could* Bailey's *self more tenderness have shown*] Nathan Bailey, compiler of both a Latin and an English Dictionary.

137. *Visions of devils into monkeys turn'd,*] St Dominic, vide Jansenius (Nic.)

ibid. Bottles of precious tears that saints have wept,] Of our Saviour and others, vide Ferrand.

ibid. And breath a thousand years in phials kept ;] Of Joseph, vide Molinaeum.

ibid. Sun-beams sent down to prop one friar's staff,] St. Cathro's, vide Colganum.

ibid. And hell broke loose to make another laugh ;] St. Anthony.

138. *Obedient fleas,*——————] Vide life of St. Colman by Colganus.

ibid. ——————*and superstitious mice* ;] The same life by the same author.

ibid. Confessing wolves,——————] Vide Speculum vitae Sancti Francisci.

ibid. ——————*and sanctifying lice* ;] St. Munnu gathered those that dropt from him, and put them in their place again, vide Acta Sanctorum.

138. *Letters and houses by an angel carried*;] From St. Firman to St.Columba, vide Colganum. Chapel of Loretto.

ibid. And, wond'rous! virgin-nuns to Jesus married.] Maria de la Visitation, vide her life by Lusignam.

139. *A character as opposite, as great,*] Socrates.

THE END.

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